

# BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL  
1949



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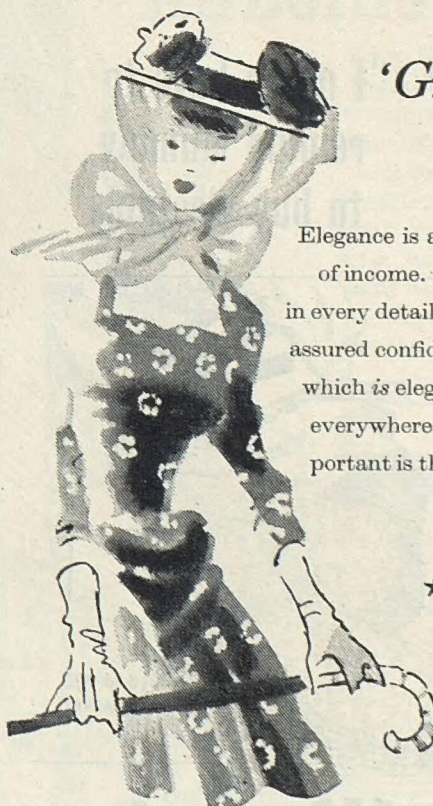
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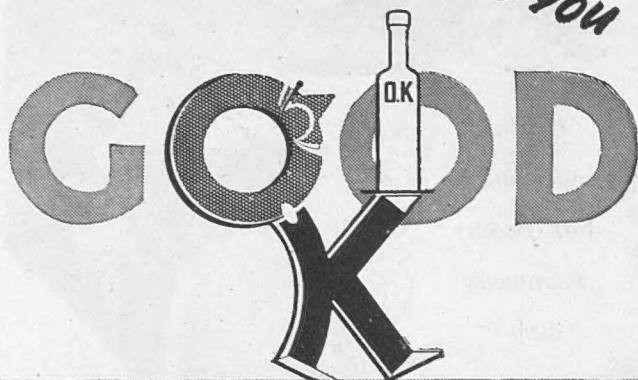
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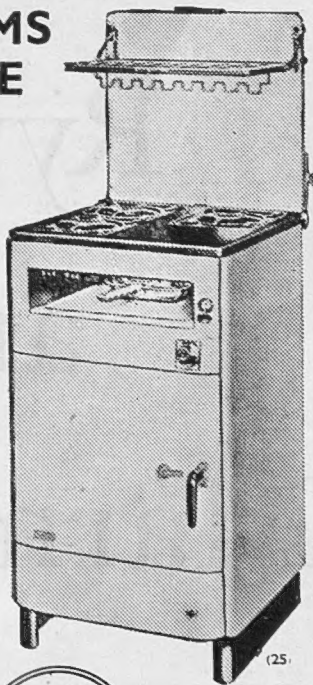
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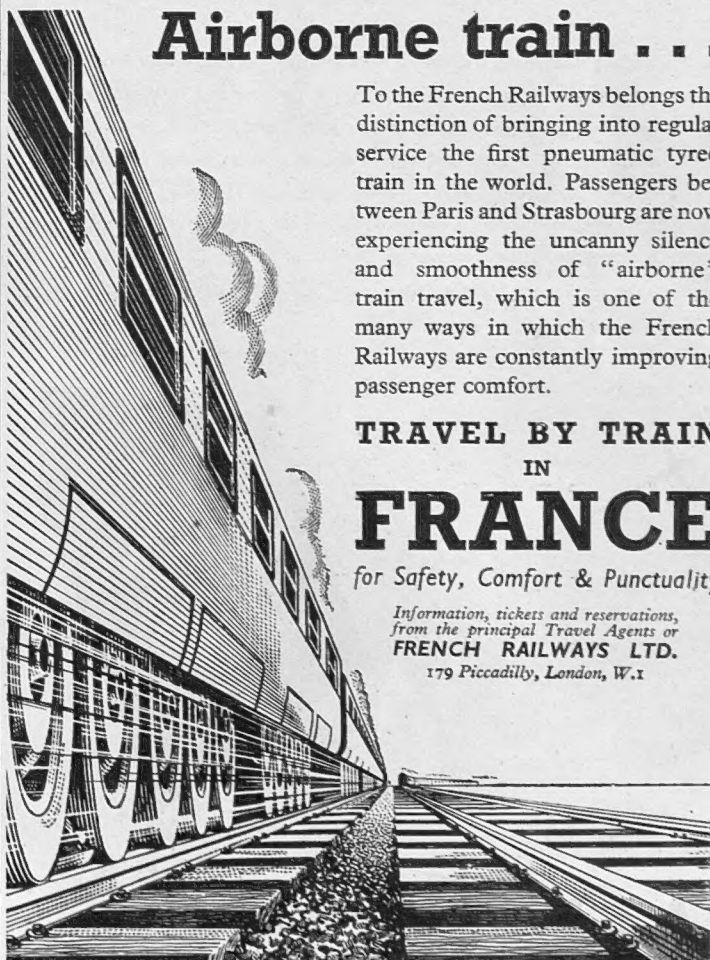
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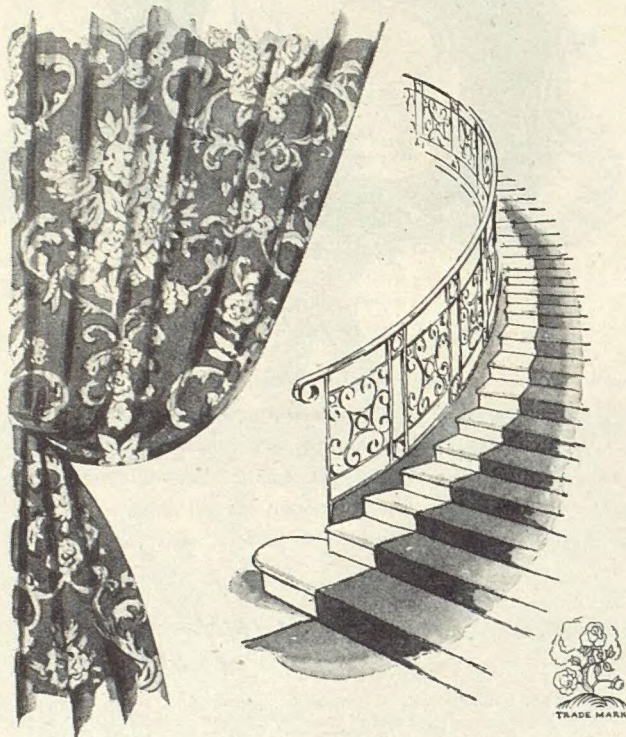
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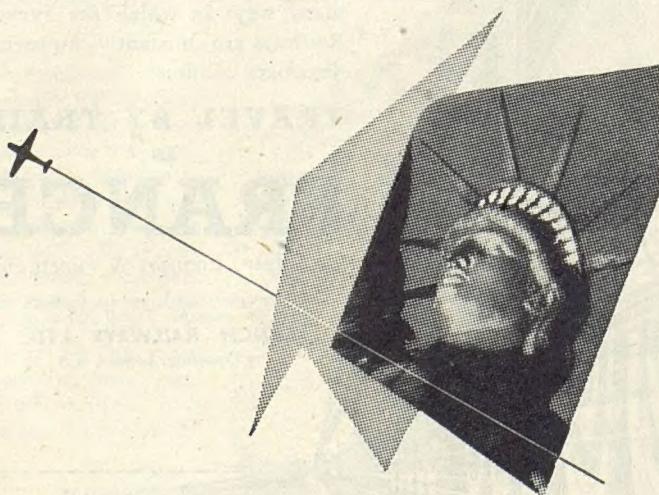
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# Britannia and Eve



At the height of the hubbub, just when she was wishing that the good earth would quake open and engulf her, a voice at her side said pleasantly, in English, "Can I be of any assistance?"

**S**YLVIA ought to carry a special little guidebook when she travels. Foreign ways can be confusing to nineteen-year-old blondes of the slender, violet-eyed type. I marvel at her ignorance.

Accompanied by her young brother Julian, with whom she had pooled her travel allowance, she crossed Spain by long-distance motor-coach and put up at a modest hotel in Algeciras. Here they planned to spend ten days, returning from Gibraltar by sea.

Engaged to Sylvia as I am, I sit here at my desk at home, piece together from her letters the mortifying events of this Spanish holiday, and wonder which of the two is the more to blame for their ultimate dilemma.

Sylvia's young brother Julian is a seventeen-year-old schoolboy. He likes to be taken for a cynical young test pilot, and to this end cultivates an indolent charm, and wears scruffy corduroys, has exaggerated leather patches on his hacking jackets, gets his socks darned with wools of conflicting hues, and goes in for scarves three yards long.

Right after dinner that first night at Algeciras, Sylvia says, they strolled out of their hotel to take a look at a fair that was going on. Strings of coloured lights were looped from tree to tree, steam-organs blared brazenly on all sides, and detonations of fireworks bludgeoned the ears.

Distracted by a sideshow performer who was masticating electric-light bulbs

with succulent relish, now and then hooking titbits delicately from his teeth with his courtesy finger, Sylvia presently became aware that she had lost Julian in the crush.

She strolled on alone, looking at the bearded ladies, semi-detached twins, and other prodigies horrifically painted on the tents. Bands of sleek-haired young men

The boy thrust the coin scornfully back at her. "*Solo para hombres!*" he shouted.

Having come out without her phrase-book, Sylvia looked none the wiser; whereupon the small boy, rearing half out of his coffin at her, ranted at some length, at the same time gesturing backwards with his thumb in the direction of the tent. Quick to divine the gist, which

she took to be that she was to enter gratis, or pay inside, or something, Sylvia brightly smiled her enlightenment and moved towards the tent-flap. At this, the child flew into a frightful tantrum, screeching, clutching his hair, and kicking at the sides of his coffin.

Sylvia checked, in alarm, and at once bystanders came surging round officiously, breathing garlic on her and shouting loudly, "*Solo para hombres!*"

At the height of the hubbub, just when she was wishing that the good earth would quake open and engulf her, a voice at her side said pleasantly, in English, "Can I be of any assistance?"

Sylvia whirled round, in relief, on a slim,

olive-dark young man wearing a white suit and a green necktie decorated with spurs, horses' heads and polo mallets. His hair shone black like lacquer; he was very good-looking, with dark, lustrous eyes and an eyebrow moustache.

"Oh, please," Sylvia said gratefully. "I thought the boy was motioning me to go in, but—"

"He was trying," explained her rescuer, "to draw your attention to the notice over the tent door there—*Solo Para*



in hempen sandals, with jackets slung cloakwise over their shoulders, swooped arm-in-arm through the throng. They glistened their eyes at Sylvia, with whoops of "*Hola, rubia!*" and other wolf cries.

She soon tired of these bucolic flat-teries, and decided to patronise one of the sideshows. Choosing one that looked unusually enigmatic, she paid her peseta to a small boy mewed up in a kind of vertical coffin, taking money.



*Hombres.* It means that the performance is 'For Men Only.'"

He looked at her with such anxious apology, Sylvia says, that in spite of her own embarrassment, which was something to behold, she simply had to laugh. Her rescuer laughed, too, in sympathy, and all the bystanders kindly joined in, nodding home congratulations on each other at a crisis overcome. In this atmosphere of concord, Sylvia moved away from there, and right glad to do so, with her personable benefactor at her side.

"Perhaps you'll let me show you round the fair?" he said. "May I introduce myself? I'm Count Manuel de Palayo."

"You've been very kind," said Sylvia, taking the title in her stride, just as

though Counts were to be bumped into round every corner at home. "Actually, I'm looking for my brother."

"A young Englishman dressed—er—informally dressed?" said Manuel de Palayo. "I fancy he's rather pre-occupied."

Sylvia guessed at once. "So he's in that Men Only tent!" she exclaimed. "I might have known it, the wretch!"

However, as she walked on with the Count, she made a mental note to find out from Julian just what saturnalias were celebrated in that tent. If you have a travel allowance, Sylvia says, you might as well get your money's worth.

NEXT morning, at breakfast on the terrace of their hotel, blithely unaware that she had taken the first steps towards her hideous downfall, she taxed Julian with his abandonment of a sister. Sunshine printed the shadows of vine-leaves over tables and flagstones. It was a heavenly spot, Sylvia says. Across the wide bay, shimmering with heat, Gibraltar loomed leonine against the bleached blue sky.

"You, a mere juvenile delinquent,"

Sylvia scolded, as she poured coffee, "gloating and tittering at a degraded exhibition like that—whatever it was. What was it, Julian?"

Her brother chuckled, tilting his chair back, lazily plucking grapes from a bunch in his hand. A lock of dark hair fell gracefully across his brow; his eyes were violet, like Sylvia's; he had on an old drill Army shirt, hoping to be taken for a Tobruk veteran.

"Solo para hombres," he said.

"I've a right to know," Sylvia insisted. "I'm the elder, and I'm in charge. Besides," she added shrewdly, "I hold the money. Father said you were too mad to be trusted with it. Better keep on my right side, Julian."

But a series of thunderclaps from an unmuffled exhaust made the welkin ring at that moment, and she glanced down over the balustrade into the square below.

"Why, it's Manuel!" she exclaimed.

"Who's Manuel?" said Julian.

"He's the man who escorted me round the fair," said Sylvia, taking out her compact, "while you were losing your youthful bloom in that tent."



*In a trance of financial calculation, Sylvia followed Porfirio Aramburu out to the back of the building. Here was a tiled patio, with coloured bulbs looped from palmetto to palmetto. The trestle table set for dinner seemed to elongate itself to an infinity of glittering cutlery, flowers, bottles, sliced ham and exotic canapes*

"Crashing car he's got, anyway," said Julian appreciatively.

It was a racing car, as long, low, tapering and famished-looking as a jet-propelled crocodile. It was grey, with cream wings, cream upholstery, and wire wheels of a red that made them look as though steeped in the gore of hapless pedestrians. Manuel de Palayo, stepping lithely from this juggernaut, glanced up, saw Sylvia, smiled and bowed, and entered the hotel.

"Is he coming to see you?" said Julian. "Just as well I'm here to escort you. He looks to me no common wolf."

"He is no common wolf," said Sylvia haughtily. "He's a Count."

The Count walked out on to the terrace. Immaculate in white flannels and a terracotta-hued beach shirt, a gold watch on one brown wrist, a bracelet of thick gold links on the other, he swept Sylvia's hand to within an inch of his lips.

"I was hoping," he said, "that perhaps you would let me be your interpreter and guide again. I should so much like to show you and your brother the country, if you've nothing better to do?"

Well, Sylvia says, all things being equal, what *could* you have better to do than

bellow round everywhere in an enormous car, burning up the petrol like so much water, with a gay and handsome Count at the wheel, pointing out here, at the wayside, a thousand-year-old olive-tree, there, on a bare hill, a white-walled *cortija*, and all the time glancing at you with amused, admiring eyes?

From the first, Manuel de Palayo spared no pains to make their holiday a success.

He took them everywhere—to estates he owned; to bull-fights, in the best seats; to Jerez, to see the sherry *bodegas*; to picturesque night haunts, where gipsy dancers whirled like dervishes and guitarists sang vehemently through their noses.

He introduced them to friends of his—gay, hospitable people, nearly all of whom spoke English. Some of them had yachts, and Sylvia and Julian were invited on sailing parties. Others had private beaches, and Sylvia and Julian were bidden to swimming orgies. Yet others had estates with cork-woods or walnut-groves, and Sylvia and Julian were taken

on picnics merry with the popping of champagne corks.

"Obviously," said Julian, "we're in with the smart set."

"Well, it makes a change," said Sylvia, "from *To-day in Parliament*."

Manuel de Palayo always was attentive at her side. Where interpretation was called for, he was ready with the apt word. Trustingly, it was to him that she looked for guidance on subtle points of deportment among a people who, though high-spirited, were punctilious and touchy.

Even so, she dropped an occasional brick.

A sickening thud of this nature occurred at a polo match in which Manuel was playing. In mirror-bright riding-boots, white cord breeches and white helmet, sinuously flourishing the mallet looped to his wrist, he cut such a gallant figure that it did a girl's morale good, Sylvia says, just to have him come trotting his pony up to her between chukkas. He looked so distinguished that she felt as though she ought to have had a

parasol to toy with and airily twirl as they chatted together in the fashionable style, while he tightened up the pony's cummerbund.

"Enjoying the game?" he asked, taking the cigarette she offered.

"I'm having a marvellous time," said Sylvia warmly.

She put a cigarette between her own lips and Manuel clicked his lighter. It was dry, and she hadn't her own with her; but a man standing near by observed their predicament.

Now this man was very short and very dark, Sylvia says, and was called Don Francisco de Villano. He was fifty or so, much older than most of the others, but

heart sank. She glanced quickly at Don Francisco. Sure enough, he was protruding outraged eyes at her over the skewers of his moustache; and abruptly he turned a broad back and strode away, visibly spurning a polluted area.

"What did I do?" said Sylvia, aghast.

"Don't take any notice," said Manuel. "He's notorious for old-fashioned *hidalgo* manners—*muy formal*. All you did, Sylvia, was flick his cigarette before you used it."

"Just force of habit," said Sylvia. "What—"

"He took it as a reflection on his breeding," said Manuel, "as though he

his drill shirt where a brigadier's insignia had been removed.

The girls were attractive. Slender in summery frocks, some with flowers in their shining, dark hair, they stood all round him, chattering and laughing and fanning themselves vivaciously.

Somehow, Sylvia didn't quite like it. She had a suspicion that the girls found her brother quaint and amusing, like one of the sideshows at the fair—and that Manuel looked upon herself in somewhat the same way. This was all very well, Sylvia says; no doubt it was all excellently well, but these Spaniards, such as Don Francisco, weren't the only people with a hair-trigger pride. She had her



*Illustrations  
by  
Frank Lea*

*Sylvia tried to chat lightly to her neighbours. Don Francisco's spiked moustache was alertly attentive on her left, but her smile felt as though it had been applied by an adhesive process*

he was always to be seen standing about in proud and domineering attitudes at all these social goings-on. Broad about and thick through, he wore a white suit, a black sash and a Cordoba hat; the prongs of his waxed moustache were trained up into his prominent, dictatorial eyes.

"Ah, *perdoneme*," he said, now; and bustling his stomach forward, he clicked his own lighter in a masterful manner.

It sparked feebly, for it, too, was dry. Banishing it contemptuously to his pocket, Don Francisco took from his lips the cigarette he was himself smoking, and flicking the ash from it, with a word of apology and a regal inclination, presented Sylvia with it.

She thanked him with a smile, lighted her own cigarette from it, and handed it on to Manuel. He took it with such an odd, whimsical look—a look which she had come to recognise as meaning that she had perpetrated a howler—that her

would have been so boorish as to offer the cigarette to you without first removing the ash."

"Well, really!" said Sylvia. "I do think that, when in Rome, one should do as the Romans do, and I do try, Manuel—but honestly, isn't that a bit much?"

"Of course it is," Manuel agreed. "How can he expect a stranger to appreciate his affectations? Don't worry, I'll have a word with him."

THE players were moving out again and he swung into the saddle for another chukka. Across the brown, sun-baked field, Julian was dallying with a group of girls in the shade of a silvery eucalyptus clump. Currently, Sylvia says, Julian seemed always to have a group of girls round him. She couldn't think what they saw in him, lounging about in those awful corduroys, with his hair falling over his forehead, and holes in the epaulettes of

pride too, and it seemed to her high time something was done about it.

SO when Manuel's flying howitzer shot them out at their modest hotel at about two o'clock in the morning, she had a serious talk with her young brother Julian.

"I've been thinking," she announced. "Julian, I feel a bit uneasy about all the hospitality we've been accepting. I don't like to feel too much under an obligation. We've only a few more days here, and I think we ought to square accounts a bit before we leave. It's a matter of pride."

"Are you going all Spanish on me?" said Julian, yawning.

"I merely thought," Sylvia explained, "that it's quite time we threw a little party. Kind of as a farewell. Something quite modest, just for those who've been specially decent to us. It'd show our appreciation, and at the same time it'd enable us to leave with our chins up."

*(Continued on page 51.)*



(On left) The palm trees run down to the water's edge. A typical beach scene from Jamaica



Native banana growers with their family outside the shack in which they live

## In A Land Of (Not So) Glamorous Tropical Moonshine, They Found . . .

WE had read of the people who were emigrating to Australia, South Africa, Canada . . . and decided that we, too, would see if continued austerity could not be by-passed somewhere. We decided to seek a land where we could lie in the sun and thaw out physically and mentally. After reading all the guide books we made up our minds to seek our fortunes by the blue waters of the Caribbean and we picked Jamaica, largest of the British West Indian island colonies.

Those guide books are quite lyrical about its beauties—the "Land of Wood and Water" (that's what its name means) is described as a garden isle, a modern paradise, the home of about 1,300,000 people, only one per cent white. Tourists are not told, incidentally, that about seventy per cent are illegitimate and much the same proportion illiterate, or that two out of three men are workless.

No fortunes we found; instead we "luxuriated" in a relative degree of penury under the palm trees of strife-torn Jamaica. Back in England we have a perspective that makes light of many restrictions and shortages and keeps us

# Penury Under The Palms

By

J. P. Gallagher

grateful, above all, for signs of law and order after our experience of a land of tropical moonshine, disorganization, scandalous waste, rackets, and economic chaos.

In Jamaica we found—and it holds good for many other colonies—that most luxuries are cheap, most essentials exorbitant in price. It is a land in the sterling area where you can get anything if you

are prepared to pay for it, where gleaming new American motor cars hurtle through the dirty streets of the torrid slum Kingston, its capital, while the staple foods of the people are cut to save a few thousand dollars a year at the expense of those who can't kick back.

WE lived in a bungalow in the cool foothills of the Blue Mountain ridge—the temperature in Kingston hovers between eighty-four and eighty-nine degrees F. most days, dropping to the seventies by night. This cost £22 a month, which was regarded as incredibly cheap. A cook cost £1 a week, a nannie for the children 25s., a garden boy 10s. You need at least three servants since the cook will not do many jobs which she thinks the nannie ought to handle, and neither of them will, for instance, polish the floors—that's a garden boy's job! It all adds to the expense.

On our first shopping trip we gasped at the variety of goods on show. Cautiously we ordered enough food to last for about ten days—for two adults, two young children, and the servants. The goods were delivered inside an hour. So was the bill: almost £7. That was for groceries only, it didn't include vegetables, meat, milk, bread, ice (a necessity) or fruit.

Here are a few sample items from that grocery bill: (Continued on page 64)



A view of High Street, Kingston



Loading casks of rum on a steamer at Kingston

(These two pictures are from the film "This Modern Age"—Jamaica Problem)



Boynton Hall, near Bridlington, where Queen Henrietta Maria took refuge—and the Strickland family plate—after a stormy reception off Flamborough Head

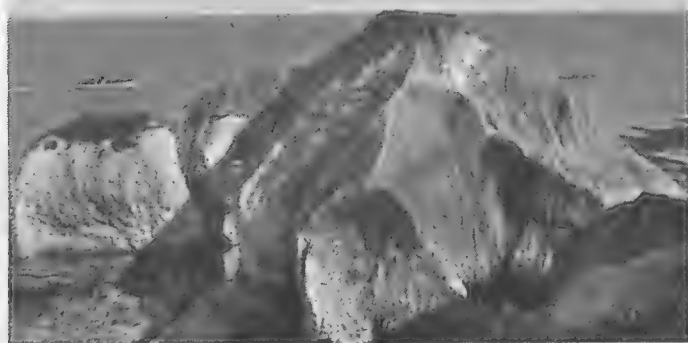
(On right) Boynton Village where Charles I's queen came, after the witches of Flamborough raised a storm to prevent her landing

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD on the Yorkshire Coast is one of the few surviving "pocket kingdoms" of Britain. Although comprising no more than about five square miles, the promontory has been known for centuries as "Little Denmark." Moreover, it has its own brand of protective "curtain"—not an iron one, to be sure, yet impressive, for the prehistoric earthwork erroneously called Danes' Dyke which separates Flamborough from the rest of England has a rampart rising to a height of eighteen feet.

Life within that "curtain" has not changed so very much since the days when the rugged headland, with its magnificent chalk cliffs and treacherous caves, owed allegiance to the King of Denmark. That allegiance probably goes back to the times of the Danish invasions in the reign of King Alfred. To-day there is nobody to perform the Constable family's annual rôle of firing an arrow over the North Sea in the direction of Denmark, a coin being placed on the arrow as tribute; that custom persisted until Henry VIII's time. But Danish ideas, speech, and physical characteristics still point to the ancient lineage of these hardy fisherfolk of Flamborough.

They will talk of bedclothes as "happins," a distinct echo of the Danish "hap." They refer to the misty weather that sometimes envelops the headland as "muggy," the Danish word is "mugga." Heavy footsteps are "clunter" to them, and "klynt" to their old compatriots. The cloth they buy in their quaint, briny shops is "cloot," an obvious link with the Danish "klute." Indeed, Danish expressions are so commonly used among Flamborough folk that one can readily understand why, in 1846, the then King of Denmark sent some of his scholars over to Flamborough to recapture any Danish words that had lost currency in his own country.

The same hoary nomenclature clings to the natural features of this glorious headland. Beyond the lighthouse the sea is slowly eroding what was once a grand outspur of cliff; it is known as High Stacks, from the Danish "stakkr"—a column of rock. Silex Bay nearby is the Danish "bay of seals." Stottle Bink, a name which so offended prospective owners of some bungalows erected on the site, just before the recent war, is a breath of real Icelandic speech, signifying a station (stothul) where look-out



(On right) North Landing, Flamborough, whose chalk cliffs are riddled with caves once used by smugglers

## "Little Denmark"

men would stand on some rock-shelf (or bink) while scanning the seas for enemy ships.

Many a strange story has been enacted hereabouts. Think of the witches. Two of them devised all kinds of evil from within their homes, which they hung with charms, bones and broken crockery. Another woman who seems to have had second sight would sit in the church on St. Mark's Eve and watch the "spirit procession" of those destined to die during the next twelve months.

Once, the local witches took political sides. It was when Henrietta Maria, Charles I's queen, was attempting to land after that visit to Holland (just prior to the Civil War) where she had pawned the Crown jewels to swell Charles's funds. A terrible storm engineered by the witches—or so it was thought—threatened the queen's vessel, forcing it ashore in the adjoining Bridlington Bay. Though Henrietta Maria certainly had a rough time in the district—for Admiral Batten bombarded her Bridlington refuge—she got the last laugh. After staying for a night with the Stricklands at Boynton Hall, five miles inland, she "borrowed" their family plate and left her portrait as bond. The plate is still "on loan," and the queen's portrait—a demure study by Cornelius Janssens—still hangs at Boynton, a taunting rebuke to witches, Parliamentarians and others who dared stand in her way.

The old "look-out" posts on Stottle Bink, and many another, would come into full use again one moonlight night in 1779. A hostile squadron of four boats under the command of Paul Jones, the American commodore—though Flamborough folk called him pirate—had earlier come into sight and dropped anchor south of Flamborough Head. There Paul Jones awaited the approach of the Baltic Fleet, which was being escorted by two

English vessels, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*. His prey hove into view about sundown. The ensuing engagement was fierce and long. It (Continued on page 64)



# In Britain

*The Story Of A Romantic Area  
Marked For Preservation*

By G. Bernard Wood



Looking out from the entrance of Robin Lyth's Cave, North  
Landing, Flamborough

(On left) Fishermen selling their catch of crabs and lobsters by  
auction from the beach at Flamborough

In The Spring

# A Fashion-Lord's Fancy . . .

By C. Patrick Thompson

"H E'S made thirty millions in fourteen days."  
"I don't doubt it. But I heard Jack Ham has taken nearly forty."

If you'd been sitting, as I was, in a plush booth in the Paris Berkeley, you might have paused over your succulent *rognon* or juicy *entrecot*, as this excitant talk drifted through the tinkle of ice in champagne buckets, and the soft *whoof* of buttered bananas being flamed.

Who were these fellows who made thirty or forty millions in a couple of weeks? Oil tycoons? Pioneers in some fabulous new gold or diamond rush? Stock-market or casino gamblers? (but, no; stock-markets were depressed and inactive, and wins that size don't come out of roulette or baccarat games). I was idly guessing, when a familiar name provided the clue.

"Schiaparelli's done pretty well, too. The old lady hasn't lost her touch."

"Old? Is she old?"

"She's got a grown daughter. That pretty girl I pointed out at the Ritz the other night. Sure, she's not old in years. I mean, old in the business. She was famous when Dior was a premature bald-head trying to get along."

They were a party of American buyers over for the February showings of the spring fashions. The millions they were tossing around were, of course, francs. Thirty millions approximates £30,000. Still, £30,000 in two weeks is nice going. The *entrepreneur* said to have taken that volume of orders for his creations was Christian Dior, inventor of the New Look, for three successive years heavyweight champion of the world fashion ring. The "Jack Ham" alleged to have outpointed Dior now emerged from the phonetics jungle as Jacques Heim, the celebrated *couturier* of the Avenue Matignon, the wide and expensive looking shopping street diverging from the Avenue des Champs Élysées at the Rond Point.

Did I say "shopping street?" M. Heim would be pained. He does not do business from a shop. He has an establishment. It is a ducal mansion before each of whose private-residence-size windows a fence of wrought-iron rails bars the public from the frankly intimate approach invited by Oxford or even Bond Street clothes stores.

On that sunny February day, as I passed on my after-lunch way from the Berkeley to the Foubourg Saint Honoré, each Heim window was adorned simply by a gigantic rosette of pink and blue ribbon. Even these rosettes, through some enchanted touch or technique, had an arresting new look. A searching glance (Continued on page 70)



Christian Dior, inventor of the New Look, and for three successive years champion of the world fashion ring



Jacques Heim, the celebrated *couturier* of the Avenue Matignon. He does not do business from a shop, he has an establishment



Jacques Fath, another famous *couturier*. His new evening collection for this year has many novel innovations



(On left) Social parties are often given on the eve of the presentations. This picture was taken last year at the party given by Maggy Rouff

SHE couldn't have said just how she found out about Persia, nor why she knew it was the real thing, but suddenly there it was. Steve was in love with a girl around town named Persia McGee.

The hour had struck, Eva thought, for her as for all the others.

Accustomed as she was to the routine hazards of life with a merry and handsome public idol Eva was surprised to find herself utterly panic-stricken. She had not realized how idiotically complacent she had allowed herself to become about her marriage, merely because it had lasted

tell you until I was sure it was the real thing."

"And it is?" Eva gasped, sitting down abruptly on the hall sofa.

"You're sitting on my hat," Steve said irritably for he was already ten minutes late for rehearsal and was quite prepared, as she well knew, to blame whatever action he might take on a wife who made him late to his work with her silly scenes. "I'll talk to Barry about the divorce."

"It's not Jean again?" Eva's mouth moved numbly. "Or Nora?"

Steve drew away, insulted.

"Do I always have to fall in love with

your best friends? Can't I pick my own girls?" he demanded haughtily, but since Eva looked suddenly stricken at certain old memories he added uncomfortably, "Honest, I was sure you knew. It's Persia, of course. You must have known all along."

"Of course," Eva lied. "The one you said who ran away from school to sing. Persia, of course."

She nodded her head brightly as if the name was all that mattered.

"The poor kid's just eighteen to-day," he said tentatively, as if this sad fact would certainly insure his wife's sympathy

"Scorpio? How nice," Eva said.

"I must look up her chart."

She had always done that for his prospects in the old days, for he was a strong believer in the stars' responsibility for his actions.

"Good idea," he said and then hesitated. "Eva—do you think—well—I suppose you won't want me coming back here?"

"IT'S true there's someone else," Steve said. "I just didn't intend to tell you until I was sure it was the real thing." "And it is?" Eva gasped, sitting down abruptly on the hall sofa

# The Devil's Grip

*When A Wife Loves Her Husband—  
Even If He Is A Philanderer—She  
Will Do Much To  
Hold Him For Keeps*

By  
Dawn Powell

four years. Now she was appalled at her blindness, outraged, jealous, and above all enormously inconvenienced. Her bridges were all burnt, her eggs were all in one basket, and it wasn't even her own basket. That was part of the understood bargain of the partnership; she was to reserve no weapons, use no safety net. She had her heart's desire, but only on lease. Naturally when the heart's desire was a man like Steve Bailey you paid for it by quenching all ambition, personal vanity, and bending your entire nature to comply with the master's whims.

The trouble is that I want to go on paying, Eva thought, because by now that's all I know how to do.

She had trained herself to look amused at rumours concerning her husband and the young ladies who sang with his band. She exhibited superbly effective cynicism toward his public flirtations with pretty admirers. She carefully remembered not to risk his illogical indignation by attempting reprisal, so she could maintain no private friends, no minor consolations. She had kept in mind always that theirs was a marriage of laughter, mockery, badinage; not for them the tear at parting, the sigh over baby shoes, the big emotional scene. Knowing all this, and being far too wise to tease, nag, accuse, question, implore—Eva found herself doing exactly those things. She followed her first vague suspicions with wheedlings and such complaining of Steve's moody evasions that she finally dragged out a confession much worse than anything she had ever suspected.

"All right, it's true, there's someone else," he said, resignedly. "I just didn't intend to



Her heart turned over with fear.

"We might as well finish the roast," she said.

"That's true," he gratefully agreed. "Telephone the studio I'm on my way."

ON his way, indeed, Eva thought as the door banged shut. She had been a fool to have asked for this confession. Any woman was a fool to rubber-hose a man into saying something she didn't want to hear, would, in fact, give a fortune not to hear. You cry, "There is someone else. Tell me there is. All I ask is the truth." And then the truth comes. Very well! Now that you know you must act, pack a bag, jump into the river, shoot your rival. But all you really want is to continue the routine of love, however lost—dinner together, old jokes together, Mr. and Mrs. on letters—any cloudy claim to an evanescent partnership. You should have said: "Deceive me if you must; but do me the honour of deceiving me better."

Alone in the apartment, Eva collapsed weakly on the living-room steps. She didn't have a leg to stand on, she admitted, metaphorically or literally. She had known from the very first what she was getting into and had knocked her brains out getting into it. She had been in love with Steve since their school days and had considered herself sufficiently rewarded merely to be confidante of his love affairs from that time on. Through all the years of his rise to fame, through his many fiancées and his three brief marriages she had remained staunch, uncritical, laughing hilariously with him over each new amorous dilemma, until he could hardly wait for new appereances to upset so he might rush for Eva's gay applause. He said he needed no analyst, no lawyer, no pal, no mother, no wife, so long as he had Eva and could summon her to his support at any time. Eventually the idea of marrying her occurred and seemed to both of them the most amusing thing they had ever done and it worked out amazingly well.

"First I married for love, then I married for money," Steve explained happily to friends, "but now I'm married for laughs and that's the real thing."

## Illustrations by Albert Bailey

Eva, of course, had the example of all his former loves and wives to guide her and remembered never to moon, call pet-names, speak of love, babies, herself, other women, or troubles of any kind. Perhaps her rôle like that in any other hit play had become so automatic that she had slipped up a trifle. Clinging to the stair-railing, Eva reproached herself for carelessly stumbling into sentimental gestures lately like the morning kiss, a fond pat of his hand, a whisper of—yes, let's face it—"lambie-pie"! Good heavens! So here she was with a sentimental pain in her chest that must be a broken heart. She explained the pain in her middle to the maid, Clara, who found her huddled in bed an hour later.

"There's a lot of that going around," Clara said. "It gets you right in the bottom of your chest and you think it's pneumonia but what it is, it's the Devil's Grip. Just like the devil was in there twisting your insides around. The doctor told my mother that's all it was, it was this Devil's Grip that's going around."

Clara's strong tea helped but what helped the most was her shocked exclamation, "Goodness, Mrs. Bailey, it's a good thing Mr. Bailey isn't here to see you like this. I don't think he'd stay in this apartment one minute if he didn't always find you laughing with him about something. I tell my folks that Mr. and Mrs. Bailey can laugh their way out of anything. I tell 'em I don't know what might happen if they ever stopped laughing. Maybe divorce would set in."

Should she telephone Mr. Bailey to say she was sick, Clara asked?

"No," Eva said grimly. "He wouldn't think it was funny enough. Never mind, Clara. You make me feel much better."

SHE really felt as if she could never get out of bed, but remembered the second Mrs. Bailey's neurotic behaviour in time. No little Persia McGee should learn anything from her bleached bones! She dressed herself, astonished at the actual twinges of pain that sheer terror could inspire. She considered herself judiciously in the mirror. Tall, lean, chic. She was no beauty as the others had been, but she looked as if she had character. The idea made her laugh. It was those little round, boneless, chinless women that had the character. All she had was a talent for one man and the devil's grip. It seemed to her she had wanted nothing in all her life but Steve Bailey, bad or good, dead or alive. Miraculously, she had had him for four years, longer than any other woman had held him. She pressed her temples, commanding herself to remember that final false step each of the others had made (thank God, she had thought each time!). Whenever he had told her he was through with





*THE way Steve looked at Persia made Eva think she might as well get out the old roller-skates and start skating*

someone, she had known there was one simple thing that would have held him. If the girl had matched his own indifference, acted as if his going was merely a cancelled dinner date, his ego might have been challenged. Lucky, for her none of the others had respected his passion for casualness. Lucky, for her if she herself could hang on to her technique, with fear melting her bones. Lucky too; a small voice murmured, that this time he had no life-long girl chum to help him gaily dispose of his marriage, abet him in his flight, provide him with excuses. Oh yes, lucky for her, there was only one Eva!

When she felt sure of herself, she telephoned the studio.

"What's up?" he asked belligerently.

"I wondered if you were still mad at me," she said.

"Why should I be mad at you?" he asked impatiently, wary of another scene.

"For sitting on your hat," she said.

"I was in the wrong and I apologize."

She heard him chuckle and repeat her words to someone—Persia, perhaps.

"No, I'm not mad," he answered. "I'm much too big a man to be as mad as I am about a little thing like that. Is that all?"

"There's the roast. After all, you bought it. Bring Persia here for her birthday dinner and I'll poison a cake."

Laughing, he repeated this to someone and there was a pause.

"It's just the same old house rules," Eva hastened to explain. "I always go over your diet with the new wife. And then there's the ceremony of my turning over the bar keys."

"I certainly wouldn't want you to keep them after that fresh delivery today," he admitted. "Listen, I'll bring Persia and take her out later. Tell Clara to throw a lot of champagne on ice. The birthday champagne."

SHE hung up the receiver in a glow of Shope. Thank goodness, she could always depend on his weaknesses, indeed her entire happiness depended on them. He hated spending money in restaurants. He would make a joke of bringing his future bride to his present home but the truth was he *had* paid for the roast and the champagne in one house and it would annoy him to pay for the same thing some place else. Dear Steve, Eva thought, for being generous enough to hang on to his familiar vices. She knew them all, and her tender eye could detect new ones budding which she would nurture, the memory of other wives' fatal efforts at reform ever fresh in her mind.

Maybe Persia will try to make him give larger tips to waiters, she reflected, hopefully. Maybe she'll want to see her own friends sometime. If she'd only start working on him now, instead of after it's too late!

But supposing true love transformed him. Eva shuddered.

She had hours to wonder what she would do if Steve should leave her. She cudgelled her brain to think of what she had done before she had fallen under his spell. Let's see. Ridden a pony. Roller-skated on the Mall. Danced around the Maypole. Slid down bannisters. Painted place-cards for grandma's bridge luncheons. In other words, lived dangerously. Oh, she could pick it up again soon enough with a quick little mind like hers. She'd show everybody. Just to prove her resources she rummaged through an old chest and found her childhood paint and crayon set. She put in the time industriously painting (Continued on page 61)

# Contact Men of many colours

by  
FERDINAND TUOHY

SEVENTEENTH century Rome boasted a cardinal whose love of wine was such that he retained a perambulating steward to keep contact with exceptional local pressings. Once the fellow was so smitten by a vineyard that he scribbled in excited emphasis just the three words *Est! Est! Est!* and sent the message back to Rome. He little suspected he was providing the name of a favourite wine to this day. *Est! Est! Est!* is great stuff.

Who shall tell the legion of instances where "contact men" have been of kindred benefit and service? The term is under a cloud only on a very narrow view. There are useful, baneful and questionable exponents of the human hyphen, and always have been. What has supervened of late is a vertiginous vulgarization of the office of agent and go-between, intermediary and consultant, scout, lobbyist, and P.R.O.

The father and mother of all contact men, as we know them to-day, must have been the original Baron Fugger. Probably the most influential system of contact men ever known was built up by the Bavarian banking and merchant House of Fugger in the sixteenth century. The Fuggers maintained so-called "news-correspondents" all over the habitable world of that day, and on the strength of advance or inside information thus amassed, withheld or made loans to kings and emperors, which could either keep the latter on their thrones or cause rivals to supersede them.

The most celebrated episode was the Fuggers' watching of Philip of Spain and Elizabeth: So much were the Fuggers impressed by "This Queen," that they detailed their most adroit agents for service close to the English Court.

It is easy to think of this kind of thing as spying, yet there's a marked difference. The Fuggers and all who came after them, not least the Rothschilds, made a capital point of employing agents capable of



Baron Fugger

The father and mother of all contact men, as we know them to-day

acting as channels for negotiation and bargaining. Such ones kept open house for those who might be useful to their masters and open ears for advance information of the market-place.

No small number of history's dramatic situations would have worked out differently in the absence of contact men, of individuals who, by privilege or talent, by the exercise of tact and *savoir-faire*, had it in them to provide links between the powerful and the mighty.

Are there not grounds for likening Father Joseph, the "Grey Eminence" of Richelieu's day, to a glorified go-between for the worldly Cardinal in the latter's efforts to propitiate the aristocracy and the less worldly section of the Church?

Marlborough set the highest store on what his contact men brought in from foreign courts, and an even clearer case bears on his lieutenant, Cadogan. This Chief Intelligencer may be said to have put the liaison officer on the map of modern battle. "They neither fought nor scribbled orders, but darted here and there to observe the tide of battle; at nightfall they came home to the general's tent." This was written the other day of the renamed Motor Contact Officers, or M.C.O.'s, but it fits to a "t" the rôle enacted by Cadogan's clever young men in the thick of Oudenarde and Ramillies.

Again, there comes to mind a Mirabeau who, if but fleetingly, was so much a contact man between the *Ancien Régime* and the less bloody-minded Revolutionaries, that he is said to have rolled up a fee of £40,000—and the not delivered the goods!

A little later, Napoleon had his Fouquet who may have been chief of police, but whose primary use (Continued on page 66)



PHILIP OF SPAIN



ELIZABETH



CADOGAN



MARLBOROUGH



FOUQUET



NAPOLEON



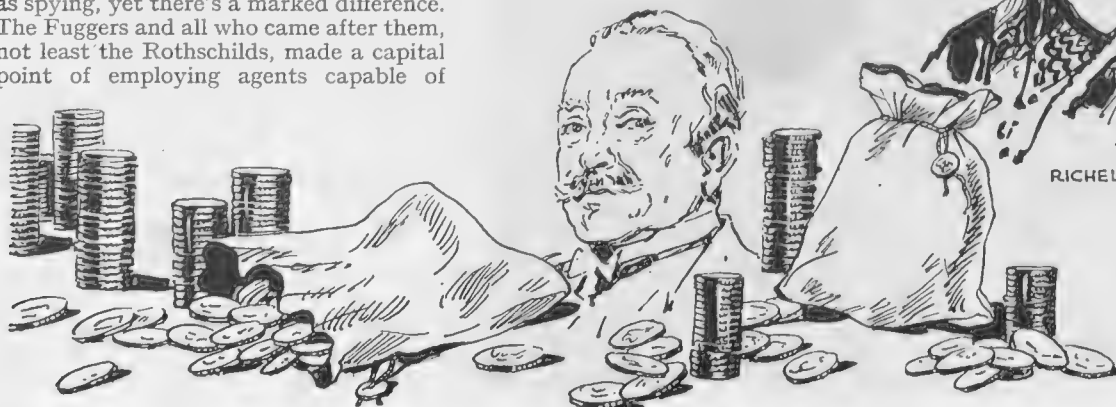
'HIS GREY EMINENCE'



RICHELIEU



MIRABEAU



# COUNTESS AND POISONER

The Tragic Story of Frances Howard,  
Pretty Child-Bride Of The Earl of Essex  
And Wife Of The Earl Of Somerset

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

IT should have been the beginning of a fairy-tale idyll—the marriage of little Frances Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and young Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, on a January day in 1606. At thirteen she was as gay and pretty a child-bride as you could meet, with blue eyes, small mouth, dimpled cheek, the spoilt darling of her home at Saffron Walden; he, at fifteen, a stripling with all the makings of a gallant young man. The match had the blessing of James I., who had restored Robert's family to favour after his father's execution for treason under Elizabeth. The nuptials were celebrated with a tournament and brilliant masque by Ben Jonson, at which the men wore crimson, the women white, with dazzling jewels and heron's feather plumes.

Idyll? It became not that, but one of the most sinister murder-tangles in history. After the festivities the girl and boy returned to their homes, he to embark on a tour of the courts of Europe for the next five years. By the time he returned two fateful influences had warped her young life: one, her great-uncle Lord Northampton, a self-seeking intriguer of whom she said in later years: "Until

With Mrs. Turner she practised magic, consulted a Lambeth magician, Dr. Forman, who was celebrated for his love-philtres.

JACK MATTHEW

I came under his poisonous influence I knew nothing of evil, all my impulses were good"; the other, the King's favourite Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, whose fascinations so captivated her that for her husband she could feel only revulsion.

She refused to have anything to do with him until her father interceded. She abused and scorned him, making it clear that she had no intention of being wife to him except in name. He was an obstacle to her passion for Rochester. He must be removed.

The child-bride of a few years earlier was now a resolute, ruthless woman prepared to stop at nothing to achieve her ends. She hired a notorious swordsman and blackguard, Sir David Wood, to pick a quarrel and kill him in a duel—fee, £1,000. When the plan fell through because she could not ensure him a pardon in the event of trouble, she turned to more insidious methods.

A Mrs. Turner, widow of a quack physician, who had once served as companion to her, was reputed for her skill in the art of magic and use of drugs. Would she not serve her young mistress again by supplying a quick-acting poison—fee, £1,000? At the same time could she, with her magic spells and formulae, bind Rochester more closely to her? He was much too fond of roystering with his Court cronies for her liking. Unsure of him, she could never be happy. They practised magic together, consulted a Lambeth magician, Dr. Forman, celebrated for his love-philtres. While ridding

herself of her husband she would bring her lover completely under her control. Northampton, seeing the intrigue to his advantage, abetted her.

Essex survived the plot chiefly because her hatred was soon diverted to a courtier, Sir Thomas Overbury, who had known Rochester in youth and was now his counsellor and friend. An affair with Lady Essex? No serious harm in that. But annulment, divorce, re-marriage to Rochester? That was a different matter. He had no wish to see the Howards gain power from a match with the King's favourite. He urged Rochester not to waste his honour and glory on one from whom he might expect no better return than she had shown her husband.

"If you do marry that base and filthy woman," he said, "you will utterly ruin your honour and yourself. You shall never do it by my advice or consent."

Rochester was furious. He was strong enough to stand on his own legs, he retorted, and would be even with him for his impertinence. When Frances heard of this she raged like a Messalina. Overbury was "scum," a "devil incarnate." He should suffer, he should die for it.

"Induce the King," she prompted Rochester, "to offer him a post abroad, then advise him to decline it, saying you cannot spare him and he will lose nothing by staying. Persuade the King that the refusal shows contempt for his wishes. Then we shall see..."

Overbury was offered the post of Ambassador to Russia, and would have

accepted but for the trap set for him, which promptly landed him in the Tower under the King's displeasure. It was then a simple matter to arrange for the Lieutenant-Governor to be replaced by a Rochester nominee, Sir Gervase Elwes, and to install as gaoler a former servant of Mrs. Turner's, one Weston, who was ready to poison his prisoner for a mere £200. Mrs. Turner procured arsenic and mercury sublimate from a Tower Hill apothecary, Franklin; it was administered in cakes and other food, Lady Essex financing the whole complicated business. She appears to have been much more thorough in her campaign against Overbury than against Essex, who was now to be disposed of by annulment instead of arsenic.

Overbury's sufferings under the systematic dosing were acute. He wrote pathetic letters complaining of loss of appetite, fevers, distempers, vomiting, fainting. He begged Northampton to intercede with Lady Essex, expressing regret for what he had said about her, pleading that he would respect and honour her if she restored her goodwill. All in vain. By September 13, 1613, the poison had done its work, and on Northampton's instructions the body was buried in the Tower chapel. "Bury it at once," he urged Elwes. "I'll stand between you and harm."

The day following Overbury's death Lady Essex heard that, with the King's support, her marriage had been annulled. At once she began preparations for

When Frances heard of Sir Thomas Overbury's opinions of her she raged like a Messalina. Overbury was "scum," a "devil incarnate." He should suffer for those words, he should die for it.



JACK MATTHEW



Mrs. Turner procured arsenic and mercury sublimate from Franklin, a Tower Hill apothecary, and it was administered in food supplied to Sir Thomas Overbury. Lady Essex financed the whole complicated business.

marriage to Rochester, now Earl of Somerset. It took place three months later in the chapel of Whitehall Palace in the presence of the King and Queen and Prince Charles, amid glittering pomp and splendour.

Bright was the sun of Somerset—and ever darker the shadow it cast during the next two years. Somerset seemed no longer the same man without the counsel and support of his murdered mentor and friend. As he declined in favour a successor, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, rose in the King's esteem. Tongues wagged about Overbury's scandalous death. Apothecary Franklin couldn't refrain from boasting that he knew more about it than most—and the part Lord and Lady Somerset had played in it. Rumours reached the King, who ordered Lord Chief Justice Coke and Attorney-General Bacon to investigate. Elwes, Weston, Franklin and Mrs. Turner were arrested and confessions extorted from them until the whole dastardly plot lay exposed to a shocked nation. All four were condemned and hanged.

The execution of Mrs. Turner at Tyburn was the crowning sensation of that year of drama, 1615. She was no evil hag steeped in witchbrews, but a highly attractive golden-haired beauty who, among other accomplishments, had led a new vogue for yellow-starched ruffs and cuffs. In sentencing her the Chief Justice ordered that she be hanged wearing them, and expressed the hope that she would be the last, as the first, to deck herself in the new fashion. Picture her, then, mounting the scaffold arrayed as for a festive occasion, with rouged face, ruff and cuffs matching the gold of her hair. The vogue died with her; no one wore them after that.

Lady Somerset's ruff and cuffs were of delicate lawn on sombre black when she was brought from the Tower to be tried at Westminster Hall for complicity in the murder. "Guilty," she pleaded, and when asked why sentence of death should not be pronounced, replied: "I desire mercy and that the lords will intercede for me to the King." She was a tragic figure, but no more tragic than Overbury writhing in his cell.

The following day Somerset stood in her place—arrogant, defiant, in a suit of black satin and velvet gown, sleeves trimmed with satin lace, gloves with satin tops, cloak and Garter insignia, carefully-curled hair. He denied that he had had any part in the murder, but was also sentenced to be hanged.

The King's clemency reduced the punishment to imprisonment in the Tower with loss of wealth and property which had been conferred by Royal favour. After several years they were pardoned, to live out their haunted lives in obscurity. It was said that Somerset obtained the pardon, which was unpopular, by threatening to disclose some discreditable secret concerning the King's early life.

"Had I never met my great-uncle, Northampton," she declared, "my life would have been very different. It was he alone who roused the devil in me and made a wicked woman of me. But for him I should have lived happily and died beloved and honoured." Her father embezzled large sums and had an unsavoury reputation, her mother was a woman of loose morals who betrayed her country's interests for Spanish pay. So perhaps the child-bride was foredoomed and not unworthy of pity. . . .

[END]



Lady Somerset was brought from the Tower to be tried at Westminster Hall for complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury and pleaded guilty



# The Surrey Side Comes To Town

By Guy Livingstone

**J**UST downstream from London's County Hall the bulldozers and demolition men are busy on a project that has enormous possibilities for South London. Over the thirty-acre site that they are now clearing will flutter, in two years' time, the flags and pennants of the Festival of Britain. And after that the area will be permanently laid out with gardens and fine buildings. The South Bank scheme means that London-across-the-river, from time immemorial the capital's humbler and less imposing half, is due to enter a new phase of importance.

This shabby Thames-side stretch, so discreditable a contrast to the Victoria embankment opposite, was marked down for improvement years before the Festival was thought of. The siting of the Festival there was the best thing that could happen, for it has caused the tidying-up process to start at once and given an impetus to the long-term plans. The resultant merging of the two schemes has brought a healthy limelight to bear on the development needs of this district of South London.

First announced by the L.C.C. as part of the County of London Plan early in 1947, the South Bank scheme came out of its pigeon-hole again when the Festival of Britain arrangements were published last October. As the scheme takes shape along the Surrey side between now and the opening of the Festival in 1951 it will provide Londoners with their most spectacular show since the Crystal Palace rose in Hyde Park a century ago. They will see the clearance of the whole space between the County Hall, Waterloo Bridge, York Road and the river. They will watch a new

1,700-foot river wall, reclaiming over 100 feet of the Thames; being built from County Hall to Waterloo Bridge. They will see a concert hall to seat nearly 4,000 people rising near Hungerford Bridge. All this, together with other alterations, is going to cost rather more than £2,000,000. And in addition there are the Festival buildings themselves.

Later on, the reclaimed river frontage will be set out with gardens, and on the ground behind will be erected government offices to house 10,000 civil servants. A National Theatre—fittingly enough on the same side of the river as Shakespeare's Globe—will be built nearby; and on the same thirty-acre site will be placed a first-class hotel and shops.

Also projected in the County of London Plan is the transformation of the Elephant and Castle into the "Piccadilly Circus of the South." Here some fifty acres are to be rebuilt, and the present awkward and unsightly traffic centre will be replaced by an elevated roundabout flanked with blocks of handsome offices.

These ambitious schemes will unquestionably enhance the prestige of the Surrey side—but not, one may guess, for a good many years. Meanwhile, there is the Festival of Britain, a certain guarantee that all roads will lead to South London in

An overhead view, taken from the County Hall, of part of the thirty-acre site chosen as the venue of the Great Exhibition to be held in 1951. The site is now being cleared by The London County Council in preparation for the Exhibition. In the background, not far from the southern approach to Waterloo Bridge is the Old Shot Tower which is to be preserved as a feature of the exhibition grounds

1951. Acres of car parks will be needed; and to carry the estimated 50,000 daily Festival visitors (100,000 at weekends and on holidays) £2,000,000 is being spent on footbridges, landing stages along the new river wall and railway extensions at Waterloo and Charing Cross. It will all, in its way, be reminiscent (Continued on page 68)



(On left) Work in progress on the South Bank site in preparation for the 1951 Festival of Britain. The view shows the County Hall and the derelict building in the foreground is the Old Brewery from which the Red Lion is being removed from the roof

**C**OLONEL FORRARD could have stayed on another ten years in the Regular Army if he had kept his trap shut. But with peace he started thinking up a front and cultivating a line. The line was his undoing. He went around saying that history proved the successful leaders in one great war never made good generals in the next.

This treasonable attempt to break his senior brother officers' rice bowls did him no good with the Staff College or any other military chapel. So now he was sitting in the Winkle Beach hotel bar wearing a pair of corduroy trousers and a slit tweed coat, looking out of the window at the Isle of Wight, as he waited for Danny to arrive.

Watching Danny pull up in the parking

Peter nodded; he knew Polly Manton. The blond widow had thrown a bit of a scare into him on New Year's Eve.

"Well, this is her house," Danny said.

"Is she selling?" Peter asked. He knew the house—a pretty red tiled place, picked out with blue paint, at the back of the golf course.

"It is too big for her," Danny said, "and she hasn't been left well off, you know."

"I didn't know—only met her a few times," Peter leant forward—"Where do I go for the petrol—same place?"

Danny shook his head. "No, he won't play; scared. Follow me when I leave here. I'll take you to a friend of mine; don't mind if it's siphoned, do you?"

"As long as I don't have to suck the tube."

"That'll be all right," Danny promised. "Now about this house. Mrs. Manton asked me to do anything I could."

"Hasn't she an agent?"

"She has, but if she sells privately she saves the commission. And there's the price, too. I might be able to do better for her than an agent could."

"House prices are dropping. What's she asking?" Peter wondered what Danny's cut would come to.

"Six thousand, five hundred."

Peter put down his cigarette. "For that little place!"

Danny nodded. "There is someone likes the place but she is holding out on account of the price. Just wants a little competition—someone else after it; that's the way to sell a house. I had a word with

# Call It A Day

*Somebody Is Bound To Get Hold Of The  
Wrong End Of The Stick  
When A Little Double  
Dealing Is Engineered*

By  
**Arthur Mills**

space, Peter Forrard hoped the penalties for buying illegal petrol had not upset Danny. The ex-jockey did not like penalties—said they had cost him a lot of money.

When Danny came in, Peter took him out to the sun parlour.

"Know where I can get a drop?" he asked as soon as they were clear of the bar.

Danny nodded: "Sit down, Colonel, I've got something else may interest you."

Peter took a wicker chair and waited to hear the line.

"This is a house," Danny drew a chair close up to Peter. Not being a breakfast man he had had an onion with a bit of cheese before coming to the bar. Peter lit a cigarette and sat back a foot or two.

"A house? I don't want a house—just got one." His mud and thatch cottage was the main reason he needed petrol, being two miles from the shops.

"I know that, Colonel, but—" Danny looked self-effacingly at the floor; "this is a kind of favour I'm asking."

"Well, you help me often enough, Danny. What is it?"

"You know Mrs. Manton; comes in here sometimes?"



Mrs. Manton; told her I'd bring you round to look at it."

"Me!" Peter began to see first light. Danny rolled his eyes round, letting them rest on a dumpy little woman wearing mink on the other side of the glass partition. "She won't miss a thousand. I told her I knew somebody else was interested—didn't say who of course. She's coming to have another look at it at four o'clock this afternoon; Mrs. Manton has given her first refusal——"

"First refusal at £6,500?"

"That's right. If you was to be leaving as she came up——" Danny held up his hand. "Don't take it like that, Colonel. You said the other day you'd like to sell your place and get somewhere nearer the golf course."

"How did you get into this?" Peter asked. He knew the ex-jockey had side lines, as well as his book-making business—petrol, whisky, eggs—anything in short supply.

Danny said the barman had told him a Mrs. Tyke had just arrived at the hotel and was looking for a house; he had at once thought of Polly Manton.

"What's your cut?" Peter asked tersely.

Danny held up two fingers. "I'll peel you off a bit."

"No, you won't," Peter said, fingering his tie. "I'll help you sell the house, but I'm not taking anything. This is in return for the help you give me. Mrs. Manton mustn't be told, or anybody."

"She doesn't need to be told," Danny

said. "She knows you wouldn't pay six thousand five hundred for that dump."

"What'll she think when I go round to see it?"

"That you're a pal. I've explained the idea."

"You've told Mrs. Manton I'll make a fictitious offer for her house so that she can put the price up to somebody else!" Peter took another cigarette.

"I told her I'd get someone to come round. But if you don't feel happy about this, Colonel, just forget it." Danny got up.

Peter considered the proposition. Polly Manton was a local girl and the dumpy woman a stranger. In a small place like Winkle Beach it was nice to help your neighbours.

"All right, Danny, but the whole thing stinks." He saw Polly in the bar. "I'll have a word with Mrs. Manton."

"Good morning, Colonel," Polly crinkled her dimples. She had thick fair hair that was not getting much artificial help yet. Over thirty perhaps, but not by a lot. Peter wondered what her background had been. No one in Winkle Beach seemed to know; she was just Polly Manton—a young widow who had bought a house there.

"Danny tells me you're selling your house."

Polly laid a finger on her full red lower lip. She nodded. "I'm keeping quiet about it, no agents or anything. Danny says it's best."

"He says you've got somebody after it and wants me to help run the price up."

"Will you?" Polly put plenty into the two words.

"You know I can't buy it," Peter said a bit too loud.

Polly looked round anxiously. "That doesn't matter. She won't know. You come out and look at the house this afternoon and when we see the others coming, I'll walk with you to the gate. You tell me then you simply love the place and will ring me up to-night." Seeing he was balking, she said coaxingly: "That's a pretty tie. Is it an Army tie?"

"No, Eton," Peter said, wondering what other famous criminals had left his tutor's the same year. "You'll want me there a bit before they arrive?"

"Quite a bit—if you wouldn't mind?"

He wished she'd stop looking at him like that. He had better grub out any ideas she might be developing. He said: "The only snag is if this woman makes inquiries about me, she'll find out I am just a retired officer living on a pension and not likely to be able to find six thousand five hundred like that," he snapped his thumb and finger.

"A Colonel gets a pretty good pension, doesn't he?"

"Not, all that good," Peter said. "Why are you selling your house?"

Polly shrugged. "I have to. So much of my income has gone. The trustees say it is something to do with my late husband's business being nationalized. I can't afford to live at a place like "Seaview"—the rates are so high."

"It's cheaper inland," Peter agreed. "Rates aren't nearly

## Illustration by Dudley Pout



"DANNY tells me you're selling your house, Mrs. Manton," Polly laid a finger on her full red lower lip. She nodded. "I'm keeping quiet about it, Colonel. No agents or anything. Danny says it's best"

so high, but then you need a car."  
"And petrol."

Peter nodded. And petrol! as she said; he used just about three times the legal amount every month. He got up. "What time do you want me there?"

"Any time after three—not much later." She put her blond scented hair close to his face. "You're a real dear."

Mrs. Tyke happened to look across at this moment. She recognized Mrs. Manton but did not know who the man was, against whose cheek she seemed to be rubbing her hair.

Danny picked this time to put in some work. Plucking Mrs. Tyke's sleeve, he put his face close and said: "That's the fellow that's after that house you saw—talking to Mrs. Manton now. Confidentially I don't think he wants to give as much as she is asking."

"Nor do I," Mrs. Tyke drew back, when Danny ate an onion he distilled the smell.

"Colonel Forrard is going to look at the place this afternoon; he may make an offer for it," Danny said, getting up.

Peter was waiting for Danny to leave. He watched him walk through, caught the

nod he gave, excused himself to Polly, and went outside.

"Righto," Danny said. "It's not far from here—six bob a gallon; that all right with you?"

"It'll have to be. Six bob! Gone up."

"So have the penalties. This will be legitimate stuff too; not de-coloured; once it's in your tank you're in the clear. Now when we get to this fellow's house, go straight round the back; he'll be waiting for you and have everything ready. I'll stay outside in my car; if I see anyone coming, I'll honk; but you'll be all right; no one about during the dinner hour. Did you get things straightened out with Mrs. Manton?"

Peter nodded. "I don't feel very happy about it; I have made it clear all I can do is show up at the house and she must fix the rest. Some one else will have to tell the lies."

"It ain't always necessary to tell a lie, Colonel. There's times when people will think just what you want 'em to."

WELL, here we go, Peter thought, getting out of his car and walking up the path to the door. As he came to the porch Polly's blond head showed out of an upstairs window; her right hand clutching a towel draped round her shoulders. "Walk straight in, I'll be down in a minute."

The Colonel edged his way into the sitting-room, made his way to the hearth rug, and stood on it fidgeting. No need for him to have got there at three if the other party was not coming till four. What was he going to do for an hour? After lunch he liked his nap.

A voice called from upstairs. "I'll only be five minutes."

Polly took (Continued on page 70)



MRS. TYKE got up and caught hold of one of Danny's ears between her finger and thumb. Though the people in the bar thought she was playing, she was holding him as tight as if she were going to ring a pig



A Robin redbreast at nest. Two fully opened beaks await food



Song-thrush parents at home. The interior of the nest is mud-lined which the song-thrush believes to be essential to the rearing of a family



Jenny Wren on her doorstep and a baby's mouth wide open—awaiting food



A blue-tit with a caterpillar for nestlings in nest in a hollow tree trunk



A great-tit makes the strange choice of a disused oil can for a nesting site

## Nature Article

# Romance— In The Hedgerows

By B. Melville Nicholas



THERE is an old country belief which says that St. Valentine's Day is the bird's wedding day and although this statement, like many another country superstition, is based on fancy rather than fact it is true to say that February is the month when the birds begin to tune up their voices in readiness for the springtime chorus and commence their courtship in real earnest.

Finding birds' nests is not always easy for the art of nest-building is not only architecture, but effective concealment, and this is achieved by various methods. Some birds nest in holes while others, placing their homes in trees and bushes, practise camouflage to a very high degree. During my long experience as a field naturalist I have found that the easiest and quickest way to locate nests is to watch the birds themselves. If you see a certain bird visiting the same spot often, investigate that spot and more likely than not you will find a nest there. So that "sit and watch" has always been my practice and I am convinced that more nests can be found by this method than by any other. Needless to say, you must choose, for observation, an area where birds are likely to nest, but be careful when the time comes to make your way through the herbage. Do not trample down the vegetation more than absolutely necessary and if you can cover your footprints by adjusting the herbage, (Continued on page 54)

A wood pigeon on nest in hawthorn. These birds are not the cleverest of architects and a few twigs placed criss-cross is the utmost to which they aspire

# The Grenadier Clock

MANY years ago in a quiet street in a city where life was gay and leisurely, there lived a simple clockmaker. Over his shop door hung a splendid sign on which was painted the picture of a very fine clock, and the name "Leopold Lavender" in curly gold script.

This sign was the work of the clockmaker's friend, an artist called Rudolf Mondeval. In those light-hearted days there were many artists among the crowds who strolled and laughed and went about their business in the streets of the city, but none more picturesque, none more romantic, none more notorious and debonair than Rudolf Mondeval. He was tall and his hair was as black as shining jet; he had an elegantly curled moustache and the most charming of small, pointed beards; his eyes were the most insolent, the most ardent, the most irresistible, that ever woman beheld. All the young ladies of the city had a favourite nightmare in which, with delicious sensations of horror, they found Rudolf Mondeval in their chambers at dead of night, wrapped in his dark cloak, sweeping off his broad-brimmed hat, and, with exquisite politeness, refusing to take "no" for an answer.

Many a story of Rudolf's exploits was whispered with chuckles and sighs across the café tables on the broad pavements of the city. This, however, is not one of those stories. This is the story of a very different man, of Leopold Lavender, the simple clockmaker.

Leopold was the youngest of his father's five sons, and he was so simple that when his four brothers went out into the world to seek their fortunes, he smiled and wished them luck and remained quietly at home. When his father, in the fullness of time, retired to end his days in the country in a little whitewashed house with green shutters, the clockmaker's shop was given to Leopold.

Leopold moved out of the family house and had a truckle bed erected in the back room of the shop, and every night when he left the café round the corner he opened the door under his swinging sign and went in to sleep amongst his treasures. For Leopold loved the clocks: he loved their clean, orderly mechanism; he loved the tranquil noise of them; he loved their various faces, from the broad full-moon of the giant grandfather to the coquettish features of the little boudoir clock in blue enamel. Every night he was ticked to sleep by a hundred friendly voices, and often he would stir and smile in his dreams as a concert of chimes marked the passing of an hour. Every morning, as soon as he woke, he began his round of the clocks, dusting and winding and admiring them, spending two or three hours with them, or sometimes, if Rudolf

was late in coming to take him out to breakfast, even longer.

ONE spring morning when the lilacs were in blossom Rudolf was very late indeed. Leopold completed his round, and went back to visit his favourites. He decided to put one of them—a tower of glass held in a gilt lattice, with all its shining, efficient works on view—into the shop window. When he had arranged it to his satisfaction he returned once more to the pink and white creation on the shelf of honour. Two baby angels with wings outspread were holding the world in their baby hands: into one side of the white globe, with its continents traced in pink, was set a white clock face with pink figures and hands. Leopold shook his head sadly to think how it must inevitably be sold, for in the city's great houses, where there were dinners and balls and the lights burned far into the night, it was fashionable to have a Lavender clock.

But there was one clock which in spite of fabulous offers, in spite of tearfully importunate ladies, still stood in the back room on the table beside Leopold's bed. It was to this clock he went at last, and, sitting down on the bed, he gazed at it with his blue eyes full of pleasure. At first sight it was not so remarkable: no more than a miniature sentry box, painted in black and white diagonal stripes, with a clock face in the top, and a tightly closed door below. When, at the hour, the door began to open, one suspected that a bright little bird would pop out and say "Cuckoo!" Instead, rosy-cheeked and splendid in a blue and gold uniform, out came a smart grenadier, who raised a silver bugle to his painted lips, and, according as the hour was early or late, played a short or a longer fanfare. There was not such another clock in the whole world, and no money could buy it from Leopold, who

was simple enough to prefer the company of the little grenadier to all the gold and silver in the kingdom.

"Only if I found something to make me even happier, I would give him in exchange," he once said to Rudolf.

On the morning of which we are speaking, Leopold was still sitting on his bed and smiling at the sentry box when Rudolf Mondeval came in through the shop and leaned rather wearily against the door of the back room.

"Servus, Leo," he said.

Illustration by Hodgson



# Leopold Lavender Loved His Clocks. He Loved Their Various Faces, And Every Night He Was Ticked To Sleep By A Hundred Friendly Voices

By  
Mary Walker

"Servus, Rudi," Leo said, without looking round, because the hands of all the clocks had reached eleven, and the door of the sentry box was opening.

As the hour was variously announced in a chorus led by the silver bugle, Rudolf clicked his heels together and bowed with mock formality.

"Good morning, my little grenadier!"

Leopold stood up and reached for his jacket. The twinkle that lurked behind his sweet, simple eyes, came forward and showed itself as he said:

"You look tired this morning, Rudi."

"As well I might," Rudolf replied moodily. "I have been walking about the streets all night."

This was indeed something new. Leopold locked the door behind them and waited to be enlightened. The air was full of gaiety and the scent of lilacs. They drank their coffee in the sunshine and watched the passing and re-passing of such members of the fashionable world as were not still in their beds. Suddenly Rudolf banged down his cup with a sharp exclamation, and between clenched teeth he hissed:

"Look!"

Obediently Leopold looked, and

what he saw caused him involuntarily to straighten his big bow tie and smooth a hand over his soft, brown hair. In an open carriage, with a flaxen-haired child beside her, sat a beautiful lady. Her golden hair escaped in artfully artless ringlets from under her bonnet, her cheek was enchantingly curved. On the side of the carriage she rested one small hand, encased in a long silk glove the colour of fully opened lilac.

"I like her gloves," Leopold said, as the carriage passed round the corner and out of sight.

Rudolf snorted and spared a brief, pitying glance for his simple friend.

"That," he said sombrely, "is the most beautiful and the most fantastically virtuous woman I have ever encountered. She, my friend, is the cause of my sleepless night."

"I had thought," Leo murmured, "that you had already encountered every beautiful woman in the city."

*"I HAVE six days before I return home," she said to Leopold. "I shall come every day to see the little soldier, and before I go I know we shall agree on his price"*



"This one is a foreigner," Rudolf explained, and then abruptly: "Did you notice her eyes?" he asked. "Cold and grey as the North Sea. . . Oh, a fiendishly virtuous woman!"

"Is that her child?"

"Yes, yes, she is married. A great, stiff-necked, tow-haired giant of a man: she must be incredibly bored with him."

Rudolf twirled his moustache and glared ferociously at the innocent spring morning. But he was too arrogant a man to languish in vain. Before they left the café, he assured Leopold that he should go home to bed and sleep until evening and that for the future he should feel nothing but contempt for the ridiculous foreigner who would never know the raptures she had scorned to taste. All the same . . . Rudolf was unable to repress a sigh.

LEOPOLD went back to his shop. He was working in the back room when he heard the shop door open. He rubbed the oil from his hands and came to the doorway.

Standing under the shelf of honour and gazing enraptured at the baby angels was the lady whose eyes were like the North Sea.

Leopold looked down his long, foolish nose and felt his big, foolish ears reddening. She was really very beautiful. In a reverent whisper, as though he were speaking in church, he asked if there was anything he could do for her.

She replied hesitantly, because the language was strange and difficult to her tongue, that she wished to take a clock home with her to her own country, and that she had been advised to visit his shop.

He showed her large and small clocks, elaborate and plain ones; he

showed her the glass tower and the frivolous little thing in blue enamel; he showed her a wooden cuckoo clock, and another in carved gilt with a Venus reclining on top. She was childishly delighted with everything, but best of all she liked the baby angels. At last, sighing, Leopold agreed to pack them up for her. She was about to leave the shop when he noticed that it was only a few moments to midday, and because she was really very beautiful he seized one of the silk-gloved hands and hurried her into the back room, just in time to see the little grenadier step smartly from his box, raise his silver bugle and play his longest fanfare.

The lady clasped her hands and gasped with ecstasy. She forgot where she was and began to speak quickly, between delighted laughs, in her own language. Then swiftly she turned to Leopold:

"That one I must have, too—what-

ever his price, I must have the little soldier."

But Leopold shook his head, and although she pleaded and begged and made quite ridiculous offers, he continued to shake his head.

As is the way with beautiful ladies, she did not believe that any man could refuse her anything. So at last she went away, saying as she left:

"I have six days before I return home. I shall come every day to see the little soldier, and before I go I know we shall agree on his price."

Leopold bowed, his simple eyes dazzled by her beauty, but he still shook his head.

In the evening, he told Rudolf of the lady's visit. He told him how she had been enchanted with his shop, how she had bought the angels, how she had promised to come again; but a strange shyness made him *(Continued on page 54)*



"COME into the light, man, and let us see you," said Rudolf. There was silence while the two elderly men stared at the young man before them. Then Rudolf threw back his head and roared with laughter



# Seen In Passing

1. Gay accessories in plaited raffia. The bag is one from a wide selection of designs for summer use in town and country, price 28s. The wool line slippers are in all sizes, price 22s. 6d., and the belts in several colours, price 12s. 6d.

2. Fireproof ovenware as charming as this has not been seen in the stores for a long time. In clear white china, decorated with blue flower sprays. Souffle cases from 2s. 6d. to 11s. and ear-dishes from 1s. 9d. to 6s., according to size.

3. Coloured glass water or lemonade sets for table or garden. In gold, blue, yellow or white with gold bands, or in harlequin sets, price 52s. 6d., the complete set of six glasses and jug.

4. An attractive pudding set in pale green opaque glass. Rather different from the usual run of tableware, as it is heatproof and can be transferred direct from oven to table. Set of one large and six individual bowls, price 30s. 6d.

5. Good preserving jars are a long-term investment to be bought early in the season while there is still a selection to choose from. Each of these jars is designed for different preserves. The wide-necked jars for tomatoes, etc., are 24s. a dozen, and the tall, clip-topped Fowler jars for small berry fruits are 10s. a dozen. Kilner screw-top jars are 16s. 3d. a dozen for the 4-lb. size and 9s. a dozen for the 1-lb. size.

For further details of Valerie Burke's shopping finds this month, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.





Left to right : Gossard's girdle and brassiere is designed to give a high, rounded bustline and sculptured hips. A foundation for the "Mermaid" style and clinging lines. 68s. 3d. and 16s. 1d. V.G. brassiere for the small figure. The elastic gusset controls the diaphragm thickness which minimises the curves of a small bust. Approximately 10s. Le Gant brassiere and girdle for the younger plump figure. The girdle is high waisted to point the waistline. Sta-down brassiere ensures diaphragm control. Good for the "straight-and-narrow" silhouette. 37s. 7d. and 85s. 3d. Silhouette bra and girdle. High waisted for nipped-waist fashions. Trubensised stiffening controls without constriction. 26s. and £4 19s. 5d.

By  
Winifred Lewis

LONDON and Paris have lifted the veil on fashion secrets for the spring and summer, and the disclosures are reassuring. No radical changes are revealed to complicate the choice of summer wardrobes. All is much as before, with a little emphasis on higher waistlines and the "straight-and-narrow" silhouette competing for equal favour with pinched waists and spreading skirts. Now, with the whole picture before us, we can settle down to decide which of Fashion's current outlines to select for ourselves.

No right-minded woman adopts a fashion because it is a fashion. She looks dispassionately at her own outlines in relation to those of fashion's latest trends and proceeds from there. Here judgment sometimes fails, with the result that the style which seemed so attractive in a fashion magazine or at the shop, loses its magic when it becomes one's own to wear.

THIS analysis of current outlines and their suitability to different types of figures is designed as a guide upon which to base your choice of clothes for summer.

The "Mermaid" line (top left illustration) is a prominent one. This higher-waisted, figure-revealing line with jutting fullness from the knees down is based upon the Empire line, of which we have heard so much.

It matters little whether you are short or tall, but you must be slender to wear the style successfully. Spare tyres in the region of the diaphragm are as fatal as a tendency to bulge around the tummy if you plan to wear the "Mermaid."

The "Straight-and-narrow" silhouette (centre) characterises many suits. This is for the tall and elegant, but not for the angular. It can be worn successfully by women of average height and even by the petite woman if she is narrow-hipped and moderately streamlined. Not for the curvacious.

The Bell skirt (lower left) points the waistline. Excellent for the tall, thin figure if the skirt is full. Equally good for the shorter woman if skirt fullness is modified to balance the lack of inches.

Side drapery (top centre) appears repeatedly in the new fashions. It is one of the kinder silhouettes, since it gives roundness to those who lack curves and obligingly disguises a tendency to bulge at the hipline if the bodice line is simple.

EVEN straight skirts spring into back fullness this season (top right illustration). Flattering again for the too-thin figure. When draped fullness is used, it is good for heavier hips, but the plump woman without the inches should avoid this style as it tends to shorten the line from shoulder to hem.

The "Flay-away" jacket (lower right), infinitely wearable for the average or tall figure. If you incline to plumpness, back fullness should be modified. A style for all but the short and plump.

Foundations must be considered in relation to clothes as much as to individual measurements. A good corset and brassiere is immensely important in achieving current silhouettes. There are varied types, many of them designed for specific purposes. Choose your foundations carefully in relation to the fashion outline you have chosen to make your own. One of those described on the left may help to perfect the outline, which is specially You.

Outlining You

# Embroidered Sweater

## THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking stitch (one row knit, one row purl). Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 stitch each end of the next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. and work measures 13½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

**MATERIALS :** 7 ozs. of Copley Smith's 3-ply "Excelsior"; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 1 transfer; wool for embroidery; No. 12 crochet hook; 3 buttons.

**MEASUREMENTS :** To fit a 34-in. bust—from the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins. Underarm sleeve, 6 ins.

**TENSION :** 9 sts. to 1 in.

## SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until arm-hole measures 5 ins.

## SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 10 sts., work 40 sts. Work on the last 40 sts. (placing the remaining 40 sts. on a spare needle). Continue for 2 ins., at the same time casting-off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck-edge row until 30 sts. remain.

## SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next three armhole (Continued on page 58)



# Square-Neck Blouse

## THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 102 sts. Work as follows:

1st row.—P. 2, \* k. 3, p. 2. Repeat from \* to end.

2nd and every following row.—Knit the purl and purl the knit sts. of the preceding row. Work in this rib for 3 ins.

Change to No. 10 needles and the following pattern (right side of work facing):

1st row.—\* P. 2, \* m. 1; p. 3 tog., m. 1, p. 2. Repeat from \* to end.

2nd, 4th and 6th rows.—K. 2, \* p. 3, k. 2. Repeat from \* to end.

3rd and 5th rows.—Knit the purl and purl the knit sts. of the preceding row.

These 6 rows form pattern. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 122 sts. and work measures 13½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

## SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Work until the 6th row of pattern.

(Continued on page 58.)

**MATERIALS :** 7 ozs. of Target "Campanula" 3-ply; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; No. 12 crochet hook; 1½ yards of frilling.

**MEASUREMENTS :** To fit a 34-in. bust—from the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20½ ins.; underarm sleeve length, 6 ins.

**TENSION :** 9 sts. to 1 in.



**ABBREVIATIONS :** K.=knit; p.=purl; st.=stitch; sts.=stitches; dec.=decrease; inc.=increase; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; m.=make.

# Lamb In Spring



Fur accessories come into their own in the milder season of suits and light wool dresses. Furriers have experimented with lamb skin with the result that it now takes the stage in several new and becoming forms and colours. Lucca lamb, for example, is one of them, and strongly resembles fox in all but price.

The Tescan models shown from left to right, are a Lucca lamb cape, designed for teen-agers, with real blue-fox claw ties, price ten guineas. The long, luxurious stole, Lucca lamb again, is fifteen guineas. A jaunty coat in natural beaver lamb with brown beaver lamb cuffs and collar is twenty-six pounds, and the muff bag with zip fastener is ten guineas.

Send a stamped addressed envelope to the Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, for details of where these furs can be purchased.



*Is it possible to use colour in a lofty, narrow room or passage so that the lanky look is minimised? Yes, by closely-related tones. In the room above, sharp tonal contrasts would stress the architectural peculiarities. By using a one-tone background bringing walls, ceiling and fabrics into close tonal relationship, an all-of-a-piece look is achieved and the eye receives an impression of wider dimensions.*



*Should curtains match or contrast with walls? It depends on the room's proportions and the relative size of the windows. In a large room with formal furnishing, as this one is, curtain treatments should be dramatised. Smaller rooms tend to be overwhelmed by wide splashes of colour in sharp contrast to the walls, and are better suited by matching curtains with applied accents of colour.*

## Common Sense About Colour

Colour gives the key to originality and interest in the home. Rightly handled, it puts emphasis where it is required and, when expedient, diverts attention from unpleasing architectural features. Nothing quite replaces a natural eye for colour, but an understanding of the common-sense factors ruling the use of colour is immensely helpful to the novice. With these illustrations are some questions and answers covering the main problems which confront the amateur decorator.



*When is it safe, or otherwise, to have a contrasting ceiling colour? When the ceiling is low the contrast between walls and ceiling must be that of colour rather than tone. A pale blue wall may be right with a pale pink ceiling if the colour tone of the ceiling is equal in weight to that of the walls. The effect of a heavy tone above a light one is overpowering. This room, being large and lofty, has successfully taken a ceiling slightly deeper in tone than the walls.*



Are one-colour backgrounds advisable in a small house or flat? With limitations. Matching schemes give an illusion of spaciousness, but to avoid monotony keep to tonal relationships and vary the shades. Say, pink with blue in one room, blue with pink in another.

When starting from scratch to build a colour scheme, what is a good starting-point? Some positive feature of the furnishing. In the room (right) the carpet is the obvious clue. A picture of colourful china will serve the same purpose.



Does the nature of the wood used for furniture affect the choice of colours in a room? To some extent. Mahogany and walnut call for more exotic fabrics than oak does. Polished finishes absorb richer tones of colour; therefore, rich greens, peacock shades and canary yellows are best with walnut, wine, purple and bluish pinks with mahogany. Oak calls for less clamorous colours with sharply accented contrasts to relieve monotony.

# Flowers In The Spring

MOST of us envy the ability with which some women seem to be gifted, of making a modest bunch of flowers into an eye-catching decoration. The secret of beautiful flower arrangements depends as much upon having the right equipment as upon artistic talent. Attractive compositions depend mainly upon the mingling of colours and an adequate variety of containers upon which to base varied forms, either high or low, symmetrical or not as the character of the flowers suggests.

With a variety of posy rings; square, round, deep and shallow dishes; odd china baskets and bowls, besides the classic upright vases, all the seasonal flowers as they come along can be treated distinctively.

Choose containers according to the nature of the flowers. Delicate spring blossoms call for curved, flowing designs in a shallow container, while stately tulips and giant daffodils lend themselves to geometric arrangements based on triangles and verticals. The three sketches on this page show examples of triangular or S-shaped designs which can be varied to suit various containers and bouquets.

Don't be afraid of cutting flower-stalks drastically to achieve a design and in order to get the right balance of colour into the arrangement. Six blooms, for instance, of different-length stems, will suggest infinitely more arrangements than if they are all of equal length.

FLOWERS must be adequately supported if they are to hold their place in the design. Glass or wire flower rose-holders are excellent for the more formal arrangements. For an informal arrangement, use a piece of chicken wire crumpled into the base of the flower container. The wire mesh should be fairly small— $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. mesh is most convenient—and a piece cut slightly larger than the widest part of the container. Crush the wire into the vase so that the mesh is contracted sufficiently to hold the flower-stalks firmly in place.





# Books:

Reviewed by  
Trevor Allen

I SMILE when authors are rapped for not doing what they never set out to do. Kay Summersby was General Eisenhower's driver for three exciting years. She wrote "Eisenhower Was My Boss" (Werner Laurie, 11s. 6d.) as a record of personal experience and to show him and other war leaders in their off-the-record moments. Inevitably some may seem trivial—for the simple reason that the "trivial" often matters more to a woman than to a man. But she does give one an intimate idea of the human side of the Supreme Commander: his methods of work, his hobbies and relaxations—especially in the hide-out cottage near Richmond Park—his touching kindness in the poignant matter of the U.S. officer she was going to marry, but who was killed in a North African minefield. She has done a good job from her own subsidiary angle, supplementing her chief's official record as only a woman in close touch with him could, and I'm sure women will read her with appreciative interest.

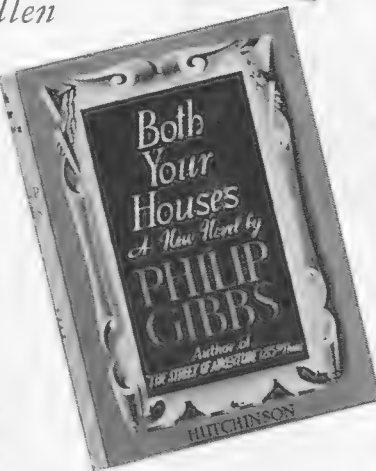
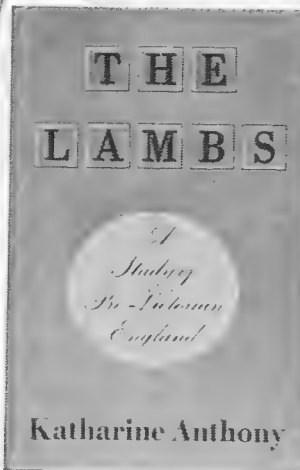
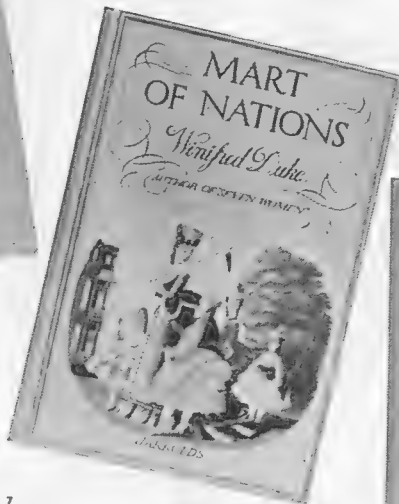
THE miracle of Charles Lamb is that so much sweetness should have come from so much sorrow. He was haunted by his sister's mental instability, the frenzy that made her grasp a

knife and kill her mother. The misery of their relationship is in her confession: "When I am pretty well his low spirits throw me back again; and when he begins to get a little cheerful then I do the same kind of office for him. . . . You would laugh or you would cry; perhaps both, to see us sit together looking at each other with long and rueful faces. . . ." Katharine Anthony retells their story with emphasis on Mary in "The Lambs" (Hammond, 15s.), a sound biography of deep human interest with, perhaps, just a little too much European background for so domestic a subject.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, his Flora, and the '45 have been dramatized to the hilt. In "The White Cockade" (Hutchinson, 21s.) there is nothing purple-patchy.

The Baron Porcelli, chronicling Charles's life in datal sequence, is concerned more with the sifting of facts, the head rather than the heart, though as a descendant of Flora he has an emotional interest in the flight from Uist. A biography in the style of a vivid documentary film in which the facts speak for themselves.

THE difficulty about books on behaviour and the fundamental problems of life is that they induce heavy generalization and are usually better at diagnosis than cure. This applies to Rom Laudau's "Human Relations" (Faber, 16s.) in which he tackles as a philosopher the kind of subject the writer of the "personal" page in a woman's magazine tackles as practical adviser. It is easy to say, for example: "the more we love the stronger is our jealousy." I should have thought that the more one truly loved the less jealousy, in the narrow sense, mattered, since love should transcend it. The book provokes

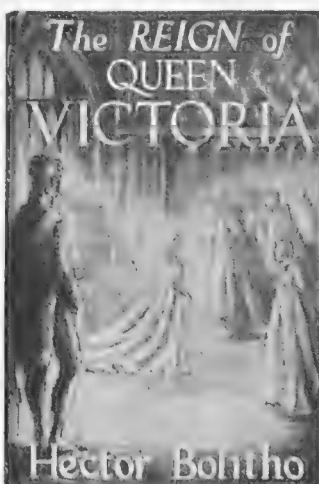


argument and sometimes gives help to the lonely, frustrated and perplexed.

"KNOW your county" seems to be everyone's hobby these days. Phil Drabble writes of his native "Staffordshire" (Hale, 15s.) in a personal, unguidebooky way, interpreting the

spirit of place through its function and history, with excellent full-page photographs.

CHRIS MASSIE is a novelist with a genius for presenting unusual women, like the girl of *Pity my Simplicity* which was filmed, with the usual box-office botching, as *Love Letters*. In "My Love Is Stone" (Faber, 9s. 6d.) he has two posed in relation to a fast-riding squire, his son, and a widowed vicar; and the love of the younger, Ruth, for the squire's son is poignantly drawn. The story has a crystal clarity and at the same time emotional complexity. It is uniquely "different." (Continued on page 62)



## God Save the Queen

WHEN Lytton Strachey squared up to Victoria we wondered if she might not need saving from her biographers, but she proved to be one Eminent Victorian who conquered even him. With Hector Bolitho we have no such misgiving; he is too scrupulously absorbed in "The Reign of Queen Victoria" (Collins, 16s.) to use it as a dart-board for quips. The scope of the book is so wide and generous that it finds room for a vindication of her father, the Duke of Kent, in his twenty-eight years' association with Mme. de St. Laurent. Nothing could be more chivalrous than his touching concern for his dear mistress when it became politic for him to take unto himself a dear wife.

Mr. Bolitho embodies other new facts, and the death of the last of the Queen's children leaves him "free to express opinions and publish material which would have been an ungracious intrusion while they were alive." The lean years we now endure make us nostalgic about Victorian life; we forget that the reign had its family troubles, its political troubles at home and abroad, even at times a faint breath of Court scandal which roused the Queen's righteous indignation. She was no complacent ruler of a golden age but one constantly wrestling with problems. Focusing the epoch with emphasis on Albert's lasting influence, Mr. Bolitho makes a fascinating pageant of its teeming, turbulent story.



## IN SEARCH

IN days gone by when I heard people talk about a buyer's and a seller's market I was never quite certain in my own mind which was which. Now that we are emerging from those long weary years of the seller's market into the ease of a buyer's market I know how to distinguish one from the other without a moment's hesitation. I know that when I am buying

At last women are beginning to take as much interest in their homes as they are in their personal appearance. It is just as important to a woman that you should admire the way she has arranged her flowers or the meal she has served as it is for you to admire her new dress or the way she does her hair. In pre-war days we used to take our background for granted. Perhaps it was because we spent so much time in restaurants. During the war it was wiser to disregard the background altogether. Now, at last home life is coming into its own again and women are taking infinite trouble to entertain as attractively as possible even down to the smallest detail.

Have you seen the key drink opener? It is an enormous solid silver-metal or bronze key six inches long. The handle works as a jigger and when you pull off the shaft end of the key there is a cork-screw. The key itself is decorative enough to leave about on a table and much too large to get lost. Glass cocktail shakers with metal tops add an air of gaiety to the cocktail tray and now that drink is so much easier to get, decanters are coming back into fashion. Sherry looks far more attractive when you serve it from a decanter than from the bottle. Unless your white wine or your red wine is a classic it is far better to use a decanter. Brand bottles are so reminiscent of hotels and restaurants. Flasks and thermostatic buckets for ice are on the market again. They save endless running to and from the frig. to the sitting-room and the ice remains intact all day long.

There is no more need to put up with dirty playing cards. There are plenty on the market at all prices. The only playing cards you cannot get are the "Kem" ever-clean cards which are made in America, but apparently not over here, and they last literally for years. It seems



## ... OF GLAMOUR

a pity that they are not manufactured in England.

EVER since the war ended furniture repair has been a problem, partly because so much furniture was blitzed or deteriorated during the war years. I had two satinwood chairs, one Chinese lacquer tea caddy, one card table and one fender stool all in need of repair and I called on a little old man whose reputation in this line is above reproach.

Could he do the job for me? I asked.

"Yes," he said. He would "call next Friday." Two weeks passed by and again I called. This time he assured me that he had not forgotten me and that he would call on Saturday morning at ten o'clock. Three weeks passed by and I gave up all hope until I happened to call at a small antique shop and noticed that they, too, repaired furniture. I asked timidly if they could take on the needful jobs. The lady who runs the shop said, "Certainly." Next day her daughter called in a car, removed the furniture and within the week it was back again so beautifully repaired that no one could tell where the damage had been. The moral of this little story is that you need no longer put up with war-time methods unless you feel so inclined.

Another minor victory in the home concerned curtain cords. For a year I had been searching for real silk curtain cords with really boastful, bulky tassels. Prices quoted for the kind I wanted ranged from

the weekly meat ration or trying to procure a bottle of whisky for my husband I am in a seller's market and when I see a rank with ten or twelve taxis waiting for hire I recognize a buyer's market. Those pleasant, smiling faces behind the counters of almost all stores and luxury shops, those courteous voices which ask if they can help you, and the charming smiles which indicate the salesman or salesgirl is only too happy to be of service, all tell me that the buyer's market is back again. Thank goodness for it.

*Jane Gordon*



thirty to forty-five guineas. At last I found a little shop and I was able to order exactly what I wanted, choose the silks, colours, the pattern and the style. And the price was 75s. each, £7 10s. a pair, a trifling sum compared with the previous quotations.

A FRIEND of mine arrived at a women's lunch party the other day looking ten years younger than when I had last seen her and we all asked her what she had been doing. She told us she had just had a wax bath. Someone said, "Are they expensive?" She answered, "Yes, very. £13 or a little more for a course of six." This may sound expensive until you consider that a new dress off the peg cost you £17 odd while a dress from a model house would cost you £60 and neither would give you the same sense of well-being as a course of wax baths.

NEXT time you pass a cosmetic counter keep an eye open for the newest twin perfumes called "Decision" and "Vibration." "Decision" for the daytime, "Vibration" for the evening. They are made to harmonize with each other and can be used one after the other without fear of the two fragrances clashing even if they are worn together. The maker is one of our best-known English perfumers. There is a newcomer to the industry who has just produced a perfume called "Smart Party" in an attractive spiral bottle and at a most reasonable price.

# All The ANSWERS

**N**O one but the foolhardy pretends to know all the answers to the average housewife's problems to-day, but the growing demand for better and cheaper household equipment seems to be working along the right lines. A recalcitrant boiler, a temperamental fire or a fitful hot water supply may not be major disasters in themselves, but they can be the last straw in a day already packed with worries about the fishmonger's resources and a fractious, teething child.

Austerity still reigns to some extent in the kitchen as in the wardrobe so—let us face it—luxurious labour-saving kitchens will not be every woman's prerogative until the raw materials start coming along in bigger supply. But at least one group of specialists are making the housewife's problems their own headache and have a cheering array of prototypes ready to go into production when the first opportunity presents.

Revolution starts where it should in the kitchen. If the cooker is your *bête noire*, it won't be for all time. Made to measure



cookers are the answer to the short woman who finds her present cooker too high and the tall woman who had to double in half to take the cake out of the oven. It is only the necessity of national economy that has kept the upright cooker with us so long. The upright cooker may pack an oven, a grill and burners, one on top of the other into the smallest possible space, but the unfortunate result is that nothing comes in the most convenient place.

The answer lies in the horizontal cooker, with oven, grillers and boiling rings side by side at convenient table height. The space below need not be wasted, for flush-fitting storage cupboards make the whole unit as handsome to look at as it is easy on the muscles.

The hostess who gives six-course dinner parties (and she will be doing so again, one of these days) and the mother of a large family both require large cookers. But the hostess will require a number of small burners for all the different sauces and dishes, while the woman who cooks for a family wants fewer burners, widely spaced to take really large saucepans. Each of their special problems has been given special consideration and incorporated into two streamlined cookers waiting only the word "go" for production.

**S**LOW starting coal fires are the headache of every economically minded housewife who rightly objects to lighting a fire several hours before the room is to be used. The experts are now working on a grate which has a small auxiliary



gas fire incorporated into the front to answer the problems of those who like heat on tap but cannot bring themselves to sacrifice the comfort of a leaping coal fire.

That is just one of the answers to the many problems about space heating which are receiving expert consideration. Another will please all those who have been trying to make up their minds whether or not to replace an open fire with an all-night burning stove. This stove is an

(Continued on page 56)



**A**N open-grate boiler soon to be available on the home market. In winter an open coke fire heats water for radiators and household purposes. Right of the picture is a gas unit attachment which can be inserted in the grate to heat the water during the summer when an open fire is not required

# On The Right



**B**ADLY-FITTING shoes are one of the main causes of foot discomfort. Particularly does this apply to the younger woman who chooses shoes that are not the correct shape of the forepart of the foot. What happens if you wear a misfit is this: it pushes all the toes out of their normal position into the centre line of the foot.

If you want good balance for walking, dancing or for any sport, you must have the balancing action of the toes. That is why it is essential that shoes should be the same shape as the feet.

Those who find it difficult to decide whether a shoe is a good fit or not should always buy from a store where skilled assistants and an X-ray unit are employed.



Bear in mind the condition of the foot when buying shoes. At the end of a day a foot, more likely than not, will be larger than in the early morning.

The suitability of shoes is another important point to bear in mind. You cannot and should not attempt to work in the same shoes you would wear for dancing.

If you can't afford to buy several pairs, choose those that would be more nearly suitable for the different occasions you may need them for. Take the case of the

A.T.S. in the war years. They wore Service shoes on the gun site and in the ballroom, too. But they certainly couldn't have worn court shoes on a gun site. See my point?

Swollen ankles, another very common complaint, is very often caused by wearing too high heels. Nothing can, more quickly, produce a thickened ankle than this. The reason is obvious. The heel causes a rocking movement which, in time, thickens the ankle.

Swelling may be due to other causes. If you find you are a sufferer consult a qualified chiropodist immediately. He



## Just A Few Lines

IT is not only advancing age that causes lines to form on the face. Such trivial things as glaring sunlight—don't forget to wear sun glasses—and laughter can be responsible. Worry or nerves can cause the mischief too. More often than not however, a weakness of the sebaceous glands is at the root of the trouble.

Let me explain the sebaceous glands. Scattered all over the skin are tiny hair follicles. At the side of each of these is the opening through which the hairs are lubricated: this is the sebaceous gland. From this comes the oily secretion which lubricates the hair with natural grease and keeps the skin in good condition. If these are not functioning as they should the skin can suffer from excessive dryness.

How should we treat such a condition? The trouble can be counteracted internally and externally.

Cod liver oil, taken regularly, teamed with a diet rich in acid fruits can help. See that your diet has a well-balanced vitamin content, too.

External treatment can coax the glands back to renewed activity so that they lubricate from

*FOR the older woman, hair should be dressed neatly but without severity. This version of the short cut, styled by Elizabeth Arden, is particularly becoming for the not so young*

# Footing



may consider the swelling due to some physical condition and will advise a visit to the doctor. A kidney or heart disorder may be the explanation.

Give your toe nails the right kind of pedicure and you will avoid many discomforts due to nails. These should never, when cut, be rounded. They should always be cut straight across level with the top of the toes, to prevent an ingrown toe nail. Never use a steel implement when cleaning the nails. Always clean the nail groove with an orange stick, wrapped in cotton wool and dipped in peroxide.



Scrubbing the feet every day with a stiff brush, tepid water and soap, is a simple remedy for keeping the feet fit. Scrub vigorously for about five minutes. This will stimulate the circulation so that you never suffer from cold feet. Furthermore, it will not give a corn the chance to develop. Dry the feet with a dabbing action using either cotton wool or a soft face towel. A turkish towel can tear the skin or cause cracks between the toes.

When middle age approaches, a woman often finds she suffers from tired feet. Rest and massage can bring relief. Always rest the feet at a level a foot higher than the trunk; this will force the blood back into the veins. If possible, have a massage treatment at the same time.

Baby powder or Fuller's earth massaged into the soles of the feet is a great help to those who are doing a job which involves standing for long hours on end. Apply the powder fairly

within. A daily massage with skin food allied with patting will stimulate the circulation.

Be careful with your make-up. Choose a non-greasy foundation and avoid strong astringents.

But miracles are not wrought in a night. Improvement takes time and treatment must be carried out with regularity.

Begin by cleansing the face thoroughly: follow by patting the face vigorously with a hard pad of cotton wool wrung out in cold water. Continue until the face glows, then dry with a rough towel.

Massage is simple providing you follow the rules. Massage the wrong way and you stretch the skin and create more lines.

Right technique is to massage *across* and *along* the lines. Use a circular movement and move in an *upward* direction.

Use a good, rich, skin food. If the cream is inclined to be stiff, warm it before use. Take a good supply on the first and middle fingers and work upwards using a rotary movement.

Two products of a famous house provide the answer for faces not too deeply lined. The first, a cleansing cream, rids the skin of every atom of dust. It is called Pasteurized Face Cream Special. Follow with Perfection Cream, a product containing rich herbal juices which gives the skin a younger, clearer and livelier appearance. This cream should be applied with a light, gliding, upward movement on the face, neck and throat.

Wrinkles that come with maturity are a different proposition. They are due to natural physiological changes. Certain glands cease to produce hormones; this causes the skin to dry, the muscles to sag and the circulation to become sluggish.

Certain forms of hormones can be applied externally in a form assimilated by the skin. Reintroduced to this country recently is a cream containing estrogenic hormones which, if used consistently, will keep the skin looking younger and fresher. This is a favourite of many thousands of women in America. The special form of this cream makes it expensive. Its price is 35s. Its secret is that it is active all the time it is on the skin.

## Lady In Grey

**S**ILENT signature tune running through the season's collections is *You must wear grey*. You can have your pick of a dozen shades from pale pearl—expensive and becoming to all—through the mediums to utilitarian clerical. Mustard seed yellow, pink or white are some of their allies.

Because grey is a sober neutral we must be more emphatic in our make-up. Our cheeks must have more colour. So must our lips.

With all shades of grey, eyes need an accent of blue-grey eyeshadow, eyebrows finely defined pencilling, cheeks a blue-red rouge applied more generously and with even more artistry than with the paler tints.

Best shade for the lips is a strong red. Those with a blue emphasis, reminiscent of an Italian primitive, provide the contrast needed for grey.

New colour from a famous cosmetician is "Crimson Lilac," becoming both to young and old and to fair or dark complexions. A perfect ally for the season's favourite.

sparsely and massage it well into the feet. It should not be visible when the treatment is finished.

Out for a spring walk in your new brogues? You cannot do better than use the old Army technique of rubbing the feet or stockings with soap.



## HEALTH AND BEAUTY by CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

# A Soufflé of Meat

NOW that meat is shorter than ever it has become increasingly difficult to think of tasty dishes requiring only a very little meat. This is hard enough in the case of adults but here at least we can fall back on a bulk of vegetable and strong flavours such as onion, curry, chutneys, sauces, spices and so on. It is when we are trying to prepare a meal for a family, specially where there are quite young children, that the problem becomes acute. Vegetable concoctions and savoury flavourings seldom appeal and many of the latter would not even be good for them. It is therefore from the angle of the young family that the following recipes are chosen, to provide dishes that please eye and taste, use a minimum of meat, at the same time providing a nourishing meal.

## FLORAL CUTLETS

**Ingredients:** 2 oz. corned beef; 2 oz. minced meat or sausage; 2 oz. mashed potato; a little egg or thick brown sauce to bind; seasoning; 2 or 3 cooked carrots; a little "cheese butter"; glaze.

Mix meat, potato and egg or sauce together to make a very stiff mixture and form into the shape of large cutlets on a floured board, coating both sides well with flour. Fry till brown on both sides and set aside to cool. Wash carrots, cut into rings and cook. Cut rings into flower shapes with fancy cutter. Prepare butter as follows:

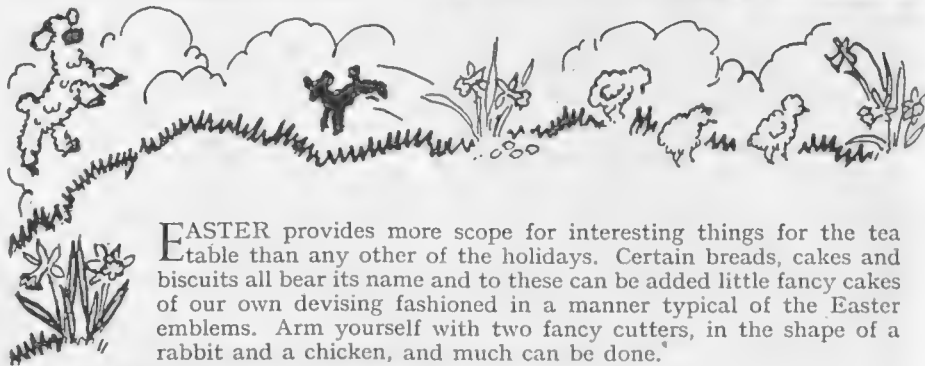
Beat 1½ oz. margarine till creamy. Mix in a small tablespoonful grated cheese, season with salt and pepper, beat well, add one or two drops green colouring to make

very pale green. Prepare a tomato glaze by dissolving ½ oz. gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls of hot water. Stir into ½ pint tomato purée. When nearly setting pour over cutlets smoothing with a knife dipped in hot water. When set arrange carrots like a cluster of flower heads on cutlet and pipe stalks and leaves with cheese butter pushed through a forcing tube, and put small stick of spaghetti or fine macaroni in end of each cutlet to look like bone. Serve on a bed of shredded lettuce with new potatoes.

## BEAN PIE

**Ingredients:** ½ lb. short pastry made with 3 oz. fat and 8 oz. flour; 1 large tin baked beans in tomato; about 4 oz. cooked minced meat, mixed with 2 or 3 oz. mashed potato and a tablespoonful chopped parsley—seasoning.

Line a pie plate with pastry, spread mince mixture over bottom with baked beans on top. Cover with a pastry lid and decorate with (Continued on page 58)



EASTER provides more scope for interesting things for the table than any other of the holidays. Certain breads, cakes and biscuits all bear its name and to these can be added little fancy cakes of our own devising fashioned in a manner typical of the Easter emblems. Arm yourself with two fancy cutters, in the shape of a rabbit and a chicken, and much can be done.

## EASTER FANCIES

Make a slab or sponge cake in a baking tin. When cold, stamp into shapes of rabbits and birds with fancy cutters—spread thinly with jam and put a piece of marzipan on top, rolled out and stamped into the same shape. Cover with chocolate or white water icing and pipe on eyes and other markings with a forcing tube.

## EASTER BISCUITS

**Ingredients:** 8 oz. flour; 3 oz. margarine and lard mixed; 3 oz. sugar; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 1 egg reconstituted; grated rind ½ a lemon; 2 oz. currants.

Rub fat into flour with baking powder added to it; add sugar, lemon rind and currants. Beat egg and mix in with hands to moisten. Roll out about ¼ in. thick—cut with round cutter or fancy shapes. Bake on greased baking tray about 20 minutes. Regulo 4 or 300°F. As soon as they come out sprinkle with Castor sugar mixed with a pinch of cinamon.

## EASTER DOUGH CAKES

**Ingredients:** 1 lb. flour; ½ teaspoonful salt; 1½ teaspoonfuls sugar; 1½ gills milk, slightly warmed; ½ oz. yeast; 2 oz. chopped peel; 6 oz. sultanas or other fruit; 2 oz. chopped



# EASTER



## The Art Of Seasoning

SEASONING is difficult to be exact about as individual tastes differ. It is, however, very puzzling for the inexperienced if recipes are too vague. Do not over season. More can be added but an overdose is fatal. It is a safe rule to add a pinch of salt to flour on all occasions. It is not noticeable but improves flavour.

For vegetables allow a level teaspoonful to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water which should cook about 1 lb. of vegetables. Parsley, white or egg sauces should be well seasoned with about a small saltspoonful salt and sprinkling of pepper. Cereal, fish or vegetable soups need good seasoning unless they are naturally highly flavoured, then season sparingly. A deserts- spoonful of sugar is a great improvement to vegetable soups.

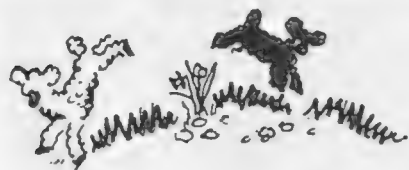
For seasoned flour (for dusting meat or fish before cooking) use a proportion of 1 level teaspoonful salt and pinch of pepper to 1 oz. flour.

Cayenne pepper is very strong. The smallest pinch is sufficient. Paprika is slightly less strong. Curry powder—a teaspoonful makes sauce hot enough for average taste.

Garlic— $\frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{1}{2}$  a small clove for soups or stews for 4 people. Use herbs other than parsley sparingly, a small teaspoonful of mixed herbs is enough for stuffing or bouquet garni.—Bay leaves—1 leaf is plenty for flavouring. Remove before serving.

A deserts- spoonful of vinegar improves flavour of fish or meat and makes meat more tender: About  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of mustard makes savoury dishes tasty and cheese more digestible. Lightly spread on herrings or grilled poultry legs adds to crispness and flavour.

By Harriet Muir



nuts;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful mixed spice; 4 oz. margarine; 4 oz. sugar.

Mix yeast with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of sugar and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a gill of the warm milk into a smooth paste.

Place flour, to which salt has been added, in a warm bowl. Make a hole in centre and pour in yeast mixture. Cover with a cloth and stand in a warm place for about 20 minutes to rise. Clean fruit, and chop the peel.

When dough is well risen, melt margarine and add together with fruit, peel, sugar, spice and remaining milk. Knead well with hands to form a rather soft dough; if necessary adding a little more milk or water. Place spoonfuls on well greased baking tins to form small round cakes (allowing for dough doubling in bulk). Put in warm place to rise for 2 hours—sprinkle with peeled chopped nuts and bake in a moderate oven, Regulo 6 or 400° F. for about 20 minutes.

### EASTER CAKE

**Ingredients:** 6 oz. self raising flour and 2 oz. semolina; 6 oz. sugar; teaspoonful baking powder;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful bicarbonate soda; pinch salt; 6 oz. margarine;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. fruit (dates, sultanas, currants); 2 oz. chopped nuts; grated rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  a lemon; 3 oz. chopped peel;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful spice; tablespoonful sherry; 3 eggs.

(If these ingredients are not all available a plainer fruit cake embellished in the same way as the rich simnel cake makes a good substitute.)

Sift salt and baking powder into flour. Cream margarine and sugar. Beat in eggs a spoonful at a time; mixing in a little flour with each spoonful. Mix in



remaining flour, fruit, nuts, peel, spice, lemon rind, sherry and soda dissolved in tablespoonful of milk.

Place half mixture in well greased cake tin, then a layer of marzipan: and remaining mixture on top.

Bake slowly for 4 hours. Regulo 2 or 250° F. When cold put a thick ring of marzipan round edge of cake leaving a good space in the centre. Return to low oven Regulo 2 or 250° F. for about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour till paste is light brown. When cold fill centre with coloured marzipan, fruits or other decoration.

Children often prefer a sponge cake, and a pretty Easter cake can be made by icing a cherry cake with a layer of marzipan and water icing on top. Decorate with cherries, angelica and three rabbits in the centre. These can be made from marshmallows pinched into the shape of rabbits with chips of currants for eyes and sliced almonds for ears.



TEATABLE

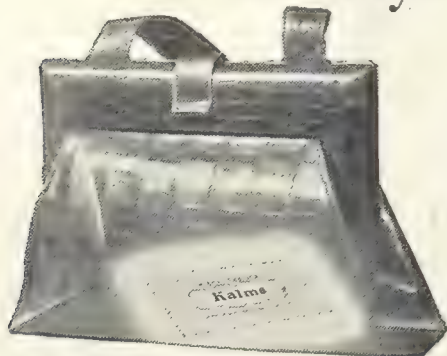




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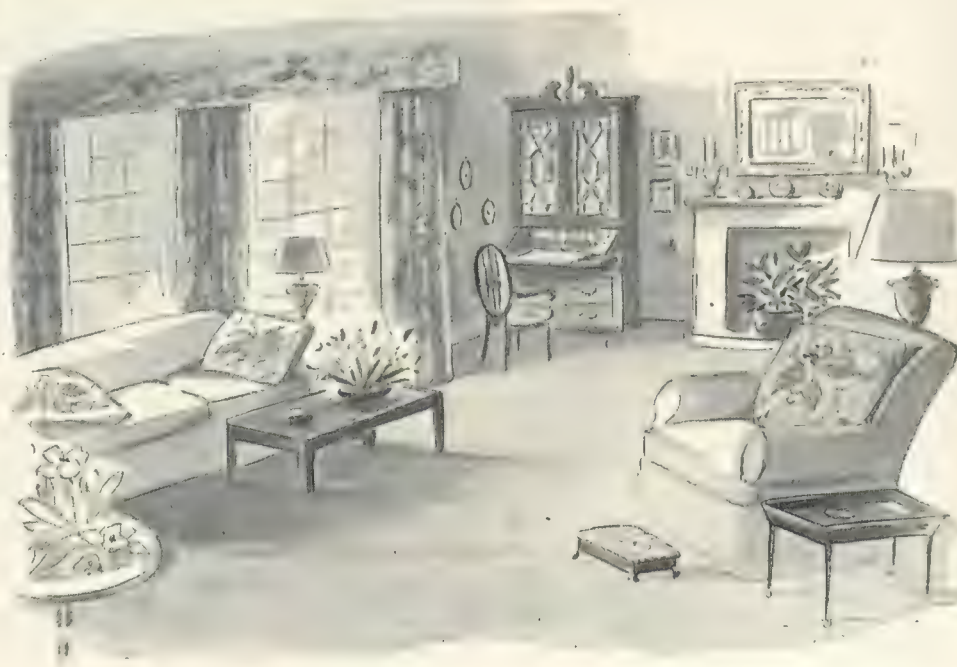
## Summer Set-Up

The warmer weather brings with it the seasonal problem of the rearrangement of furniture so that chairs and sofa no longer encircle a bleak, unfriendly grate.

In summer, the window supplants the fireplace as the chief focal point in a room and furniture can be grouped around the window in the same way that it is arranged round the fireplace in winter.

The top sketch shows a suggestion for a summer arrangement built round french windows, with accents of colour in pictures and cushions to lead the eye to the garden vista outside.

In the lower sketch, interest has been directed away from the empty grate and distributed throughout the room in individual groups based on the main items of furniture. Armchair, footstool and side table, with lamp well situated for reading or sewing, make one comfortably self-contained group, while the settee with its own occasional table and lamp standard make a second.





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# Smart Set

(Continued from page 12)

"A party?" said Julian, roused at once. "Good idea." But he glanced dubiously round the dim hall. "This isn't much of a place, though."

"I was thinking about the *Bala de Oro*, on the Tarifa road," said Sylvia. "It's a romantic-looking place, and Manuel says they cook well there. How about your nipping out there to-morrow and finding out what they'll do for us? Dinner for six, say—and we two. Nothing elaborate, but at the same time—"

"Nothing paltry," Julian agreed. "I get your idea, Syl. It's a matter of prestige."

Across the hall, a clock chimed reproachfully.

"Half-past two!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Better take our shoes off before we go upstairs—"

NEXT morning, Julian arrived at a satisfactory arrangement with the proprietor of the *Bala de Oro*, whose name was Porfirio Aramburu. And after some argument—for they seemed to have got to know a surprising number of people, Sylvia says—she and Julian reduced the guest list to half a dozen names.

First among these, naturally, was Manuel. She invited him that afternoon, when they went with the smart set to watch a procession at San Roque. To her dismay, he gave her that odd, whimsical look she had come to know so well.

"Have I put my foot in it again?" she asked anxiously.

"No, no," said Manuel. "Only, here—" his gesture took in the sun-dazzling street, the dusty, colourful crowd—"here is my country, no? I had planned—"

"You've planned quite enough," said Sylvia firmly. "This is our show."

Don Francisco de Villano was standing near by. Evidently Manuel had pointed out to him the unreasonableness of his attitude over the cigarette ash, for the proud man had gone out of his way to be benign to Sylvia, and his moustache had been indulgently at her disposal all afternoon. In the circumstances, and anxious to let bygones be bygones, Sylvia thought it only politic to ask him to the banquet, although, strictly, he wasn't on the list of the elect.

There were one or two other extra people that she thought it only right to ask.

Well, to get down to brass tacks, Sylvia says, when she came to run over the list in her mind, on the way back to Algeciras in Manuel's car, she found that the number of invited guests had grown to twelve. She felt a bit guilty about this as she broke the news to Julian.

"We'll have to give the bar a miss, on the ship going home," she said. "I know you were looking forward to standing about with whiskies-and-sodas in your hand, trying to look as though you were recovering from a single-handed recon up to Camp Six on Everest. But we shan't be able to afford it. I'm sorry, Julian. I was rather awkwardly placed."

"That's all right, Syl," said Julian magnanimously. "I quite understand."

"You're a brick," said Sylvia warmly. "I was afraid you might start nattering that I'd managed the allowance badly."

"Not at all," said Julian, with a kind look. "Everything's under control. Now, let's see—" he pushed back his hair thoughtfully from his brow—"our original plan was to tee things up for six. You've asked twelve—"

"I was awkwardly placed," said Sylvia humbly.

His gesture absolved her. "Now, plus fourteen," he said, and cast up his eyes in calculation. "That's twenty-six—and ourselves—that'll be—"

A goose walked over Sylvia's grave. "Just a minute," she said. "How d'you mean—'plus fourteen'?"

"The fact is, Syl," said Julian reasonably, "I was a bit awkwardly placed, myself. As regards the girls, I mean. Maruja, Victoria, Pilar, Teresa, Raquel—what a crasher—Maria, Kika, Miranda, Emilia—"

She couldn't speak, Sylvia says. She could only gaze at him with such a haggard air of

catastrophe that the ruinous trifter faltered in his catalogue of debutantes.

"Now, don't flap," he said hastily. "We can cope—"

"Cope?" said Sylvia. "Cope? Wire home for money, I suppose? Are you utterly off your loaf? D'you realize there's a law about how much money we can spend abroad? If father mortgaged the very roof over his head, he couldn't send us the price of a mouldy old slate. Julian, how could you?"

"If—"

"There's no if about it," said Sylvia. "The party's off. We're absolutely disgraced. All we can do is slink over the frontier to Gibraltar under cloud of night. What will these people think of the English? And we tourists are asked to be ambassadors!"

"Steady," soothed Julian. "If we simply pare a bit off the menu, make the whole thing more of a light collation, we can manage yet. After all, who wants to gorge and stuff, these hot nights? I'll go into conference with Aramburu. I get on fine with the old geezer. How much money have we actually got left?"

"Here's the entire bankroll," said Sylvia, producing a starveling sheaf of notes from her handbag. "And more than half of this has to go to the hotel here."

Even the future supersonic pilot looked shaken. Both gazed at the miserable wad, which seemed to shrivel apologetically before their eyes.

"Take the hotel money," said Julian, rallying. "Give me the balance. I'll lay on a show of some kind. Leave it to me."

THE Spanish, Sylvia says, really do their eating at night. They save up for it. They partake sparingly during the day, but after sunset they tuck their napkins well in and lean up against the provender. This is due to the old Moorish influence, Ramadan and so forth, Sylvia says.

Typical of the places where such determined eating occurs in Spain was the wayside restaurant called the *Bala de Oro*. Manuel called for Sylvia and Julian and drove them out there. The place was a long, low, white-washed building standing alone in a ring of eucalyptus trees on a moon-blanching hillside. Tethered to a hitching-rail in front, donkeys and mules brooded morosely into their nose-bags. Within, in a big, bare room hung round with bullfight placards, blue-shirted muleteers gesticulated and shouted over dominoes. Desisting from their mortal feuds, they had a good stare at the newcomers.

She had on a blue frock—the one with the white buttons, Sylvia says—and Manuel was elegant in a white suit. Julian wore his corduroys and leather-patched hacking-jacket and a secondhand tie bought for its slight resemblance to the club colours of the Frogmen or one-man submariners.

From behind the counter emerged a small individual with a face like a walnut. He wore an alpaca suit and carpet slippers, and he lifted a defiantly checked cap from a shock of grey hair.

"Señorita, Don Manuel—muy buenos tardes," he said, and turned fondly to Julian. "You smell, milord, eh?" He sniffed the air gustily and kissed his bunched fingertips at the ceiling. "Good, eh? Buen provecho! You come see. First, a taste of sherry—so. Now, we take a look—before your guests arrive, milord. This way—"

Sylvia had been trying not to let her mind dwell on the prospect of the meagre, penny-parring repast at which she was condemned to act as hostess. But now Señor Aramburu led them to an enormous, vaulted kitchen. Strings of onions, herbs, garlic hung from pillars. On tiled ranges, great cauldrons bubbled, steamed and fatly gurgled. A dozen or more women fanned furiously at the charcoal fires and screamed conflicting directions at each other in tones of vituperation.

"My family," said Porfirio Aramburu complacently. "Daughters, aunts, cousins—all Aramburus cook good."

In a trance of financial calculations, Sylvia followed him out to the back of the building. Here was a tiled (Continued on page 52)



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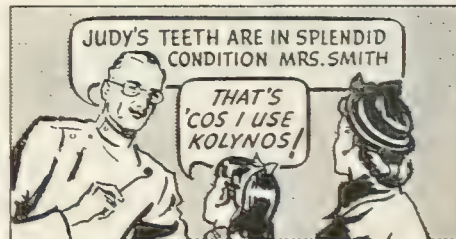
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patio, with coloured bulbs looped from palmetto to palmetto. To Sylvia's apprehensive eyes, the trestle table set for dinner seemed to elongate itself to an infinity of checkered cloth, glittering cutlery, flowers, bottles, toothpick-holders, radishes, olives, sardines, anchovies, sliced ham, and more exotic *canapes*. Side tables reeled under cornucopias of peaches, apricots, oranges, melons, persimmons, pomegranates. A radio was blaring a *pasodoble*.

"All in good style, milord," said Porfirio Aramburu grandly.

Sylvia glanced at Julian. He had a slightly strained look. He avoided her eye. Not until the guests had arrived, car after car roaring up outside, did she find a chance to seize him by the arm.

She said, in a fierce whisper, "Julian, did you pay in advance?"

"How could I, Syl?" he pleaded. "He kept waving it away, because we don't know yet what wine'll be drunk, and so on—"

A shudder went through her. "But you made it quite clear to Señor Aramburu," she demanded, "that we could only afford just so much—that we've only got just so much?"

"Well, I thought I'd made it clear," said Julian. "Of course, he's rather excitable, and his English isn't very good, but—"

She looked at him with horror and loathing. "Julian, suppose when he presents the bill, you can't pay? What, then, for heaven's sake?"

There was no time to go into the grisly question. Manuel was at her side, asking her to dance. And the next she knew, she was in her seat at one end of the table, with Julian right away up there at the other, and the food and wine simply vanishing like smoke, all up and down the table. Fresh relays were hurried to the board.

For herself, Sylvia says, she couldn't have touched a morsel to save her life. The taint of shame was on the food; dishonour poisoned the wine. She was certain they couldn't pay for this banquet. The thought of the scene which must occur before all these fashionable people when Señor Aramburu presented his bill, and her brother stood clueless and bankrupt, simply stupefied her imagination. She couldn't think how they'd come to such a pass, how they'd got in with this smart set in the first place. A wise old saw of her father's buzzed in her head like a crosscut: "You can't swim with the goldfish," held that judicious man, "if you haven't got the scales." He couldn't have been more right.

She tried to chat lightly to her neighbours—Don Francisco's spiked moustache was alertly attentive on her left—but her smile felt as though it had been applied by an adhesive process.

Manuel, a few paces down the table, kept jumping up to ask her to dance. The radio blared. His dark eyes were gay, smiling. The thought that she must be humiliated before him was almost unbearable to her, Sylvia says.

It was at this juncture, as they returned to the table after a dance, that there occurred the incident which leads me, piecing together the facts from her letters, to marvel at her ignorance.

Señor Aramburu and his female relatives were bustling up the fruit and coffee. The show-up couldn't be far off, now. She felt numb, Sylvia says, as though she had been pounced on and done over by a team of embalmers.

Don Francisco smiled at her as she sat down. "I've been watching you," he announced. "You dance by the light of nature, Miss Sylvia. I do not now dance myself, due to hastened breathing, but I am an *aficionado*. See? A trophy—the great Carmen Ortega—"

He placed in her hand a cigarette-case graven with the silhouette of a Spanish dancer. Sylvia's glance at it was distraught; she was watching for Señor Aramburu to approach Julian with the fatal bill.

"Beautiful, Don Francisco," she said absently, passing the case back.

"You admire it?" The proud man twisted his moustache points with one hand, and raised the other in a grandiloquent gesture. "It is yours," he said.

Now, anybody ought to know that if you admire anything belonging to such an

## Smart Set

*hidalgo* as Don Francisco, he will invariably reply, "It is yours." This is as much a formality, calling for a modest smile and headshake and a hand lifted in regretful negation, as in England the inquiry "How d'you do?" is satisfied by the informative response, "How d'you do?" Conversation should then become general.

But Sylvia, remembering the fuss Don Francisco had made about his cigarette ash, hesitated at the thought of what might be his reaction if she now spurned his offered keepsake. So she glanced for guidance at her mentor in these matters, Manuel. He nodded and smiled at her; and taking this to mean that he had witnessed the incident and approved her acceptance of the gift, Sylvia said, "That's very sweet of you, Don Francisco. I shall treasure it always, as a charming memento."

She put the case tenderly away in her handbag and looked up at him with a smile.

He was staring at the handbag. His swarthy face slowly congested. Veins swelled up on his forehead. He raised his head. His eyes protruded with sheer incredulity and outrage. His moustache bristled. He opened and closed his mouth several times, then jerked to his feet. He gave her a curt bow and strode from the patio, throwing his arms about like a man demented.

Horried, Sylvia says, she took another look at the case. It was of platinum; the small, graven figure on it was inset with rubies.

She beckoned Manuel to her and asked him frantically what he had meant by nodding at her to take the case. His blank expression told her the worst; his nod, his smile, had been merely friendly.

"I could die," said Sylvia. "I could sink right through the floor. Manuel, you must go after him and give him the case back."

"He'll never take it," said Manuel. "His pride—"

"He must take it!"

But when Manuel returned, in a few minutes he still had the case in his hand. The radio was blaring; the guests were dancing.

"Don Francisco present his compliments," Manuel said, "and he wants you to know that the cigarette-case was a gift to him from a very dear friend, the great Carmen Ortega herself. Its value to him is purely sentimental. He appreciates that there's been a slight misunderstanding, but he couldn't think of taking back a gift respectfully bestowed—"

"Oh, but he simply must!"

"Unless," continued Manuel, "your brother would agree to make the very great sacrifice, as between *caballeros*, of yielding to Don Francisco the privilege of the host's role at to-night's party in your honour." Manuel looked at her with concern. "I'm afraid the suggestion might be offensive to your brother, no?"

Sylvia's heart gave a great lunge. She looked at her brother. He was dancing. His hair fell over his forehead; he had a haggard look, and he kept glancing apprehensively in the direction of Señor Aramburu.

The excitable caterer was off to one side. He was poring over a long sheet of paper. His tongue protruded. He totted up on his fingers with a stub of pencil. It was a horrible sight, Sylvia says.

She glanced through into the *café* part of the building. Don Francisco was striding up and down there with the expression of a man on the rack.

"Manuel," Sylvia breathed, "what am I to do?"

"He deserves to lose the case," said Manuel. "His exaggerated manners are a nuisance, always making trouble. It'd teach him a lesson. But as the case has a sentimental value—be merciful, Sylvia. Let him save his honour—and his cigarette-case. Be generous, Sylvia. Let him play the host to-night—"

She scarcely heard him. Her eyes were on Señor Aramburu. He had completed his computations. He placed the bill on a salver. He looked at Julian. Sylvia moistened her lips. What, Sylvia says, was the right thing to do? What was the right thing for any girl of pride and spirit (Continued on page 54)

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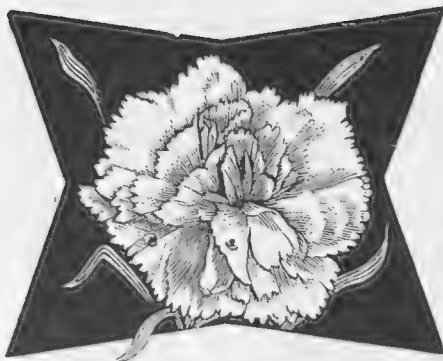
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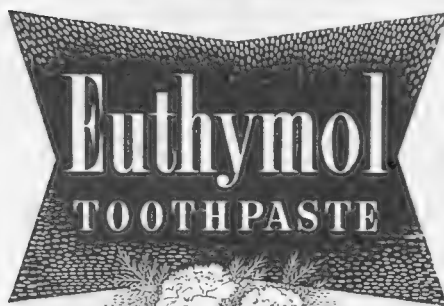
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to do in such a dilemma? Abruptly, Sylvia says, she made her decision. She opened her mouth to speak, but the words were never uttered.

For at that moment, as he swung past Señor Aramburu in the dance, Julian reached out and took the bill from the salver. She stood frozen, watching. Julian glanced up at the stars, as though in prayer, then he looked at the bill. His eyes opened wide. A slow smile spread over his face. The music stopped. Releasing his partner, Julian walked over to Señor Aramburu and tossed carelessly a sheaf of notes—every note they had, Sylvia judged—on to the salver. The caterer bowed deeply, his lips shaping the word "Milord!" as he lifted his check cap.

Sylvia put her hands on the back of a chair for support. She drew in her breath, deeply.

"Manuel," she said. "I'm afraid Don Francisco will have to deal with my brother in this matter." She called Julian over. She linked an arm in his. Never had she felt such a warm and tender affection for him. She held his arm tightly against her side as she explained the sad plight of a proud man, and added, "What's to be done about it, Julian?"

Julian said, "Is that the cigarette-case?" He took it from Manuel's hand. "There's something queer here," he said.

Sylvia had a waning feeling in her knees. "What do you mean?"

"This isn't Don Francisco's case," said

## Smart Set

Julian. "It's Manuel's. I've noticed it several times, with that dancer carved on it, and thought, 'What a smasher!'"

A sudden suspicion came to Sylvia. She remembered how Manuel had walked up to ask her to dance just as she had fiercely demanded of Julian, "Suppose we can't pay? What then?"

She looked at Manuel. For an olive-skinned man, his blush was remarkably vivid. She glanced into the *café* off the patio. Don Francisco, evidently deducing the exposure of a put-up job, had vanished guiltily.

Sylvia smiled. The radio began to blare again. All the coloured bulbs looped between the palmettoes seemed to her to shine more brightly.

She said, "I think it was very kindly meant, Manuel, but—the less said about it the better." She held out to him the hand of forgiveness. "Shall we dance this one?"

They are a delicate-minded people, the Spanish, Sylvia says. She greatly admires them. In fact, when I put it to her confidentially, on her return, what was the decision she had come to the instant before she saw Julian take the bill from the salver, she gave me from her violet eyes a look purely Castilian in its hauteur and reserve.

"How can you ask me such a question?" Sylvia says.

END

## Romance In The Hedgerows

(Continued from page 29)

do so. Hard on your heels may be an egg-collector whose keen eyes will immediately observe the track you have made. This is particularly true of early nests, when the craze for collecting eggs is fresh and foremost in too many minds.

NO hard and fast rule can be laid down as to which are the earliest birds to nest, but out of my thirty years' experience my field-notes reveal woodpigeons as being among the first to turn their attention to domestic matters, and although much depends upon the weather it is not unusual to find woodpigeons' nests in February. Alas they are not the cleverest of architects and a few twigs placed criss-cross is the utmost to which they aspire. The white eggs, never more than two, are generally visible through the bottom of the fragile cradle in which they lie and in the leafless branches of early spring are easily spotted by the keen-eyed jays and magpies. But woodpigeons run no risk so far as their possessions are concerned and from the moment the first egg is laid either the male or female guards it most jealously, for both sexes take turns at incubation. The eggs hatch usually on the seventeenth day and the squabs are fed by regurgitation, the parent taking the nestling's beak in its own and pumping into it a supply of semidigested food.

Another bird equally optimistic about domestic matters is the song-thrush whose cleverly constructed home stands out in striking contrast to that of the woodpigeon. Built of fine twigs, grasses and moss, the song-thrush's nest outwardly resembles the blackbird's, but the latter lacks the mud-

lined interior which the song-thrush believes to be essential to the rearing of a family. Into the wet mud the clever builders press pieces of decayed wood, the whole being allowed to dry thoroughly before the sky-blue eggs are laid.

THE blue-tit with its azure-coloured head is generally the first of its tribe to start home-making but the great-tit is a close rival and once these birds have commenced building operations they labour with feverish haste and determination until the job is completed. Grass, moss, hair, wool, feathers and rabbits' fur are among the soft materials they use to construct their cup-shaped homes so that the chicks, from eight to twelve in number, have a very cosy nursery in which to spend the first three or four weeks of their life. They are fed mainly on insects, both parents working continuously from dawn to sunset in an effort to satisfy the appetites of their family.

I have known blue-tits feed their brood on an average of forty-five times an hour for several days in succession, the food consisting almost exclusively of injurious garden pests.

Tits also deserve commendation for their cleanliness. They keep their nurseries spotlessly clean by promptly removing all excrement and carrying it some distance from the nest. Fortunately Dame Nature has wisely arranged that the droppings of nestlings be enclosed in a white gelatinous sac so that the parents may remove it with a minimum of defilement. Otherwise the nest would soon become "whitewashed" thus making it conspicuous and exposing the fledgelings to danger as well as disease.

END

## The Grenadier Clock

(Continued from page 32)

forbear to mention that he had shown her the grenadier clock.

"She is really very beautiful," he said thoughtfully.

But Rudolf only said "Ha!" and strode away with a flourish of his cloak to his inevitable rendezvous.

The next day the lady came again. Cunningly, she made no mention of the grenadier that day. She spent an hour in the shop, looking at the clocks, talking to Leopold. When it was time to leave she gave a genuine sigh, and charmingly she said:

"I have travelled a great deal, Mr. Lavender, but this shop of yours is the

loveliest place I know. You must be a very happy man."

And Leopold bowed again and agreed that this was so.

When she left him on the third day she said: "They say *everything* has its price."

"Everything?" Leopold asked, and, smiling, he showed her out.

Five days later Rudolf Mondeval strolled leisurely through the city on his way to take breakfast with Leopold. On the day after their last breakfast together—the day of his renunciation of the North Sea lady—he had had occasion to send word that he was deeply engaged and (Continued on page 56)

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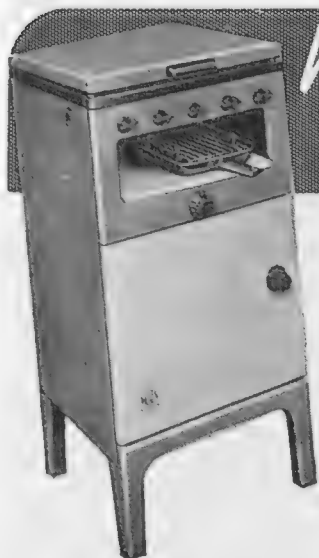
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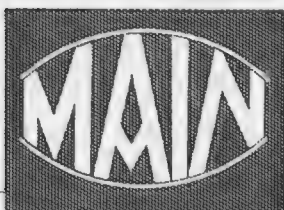
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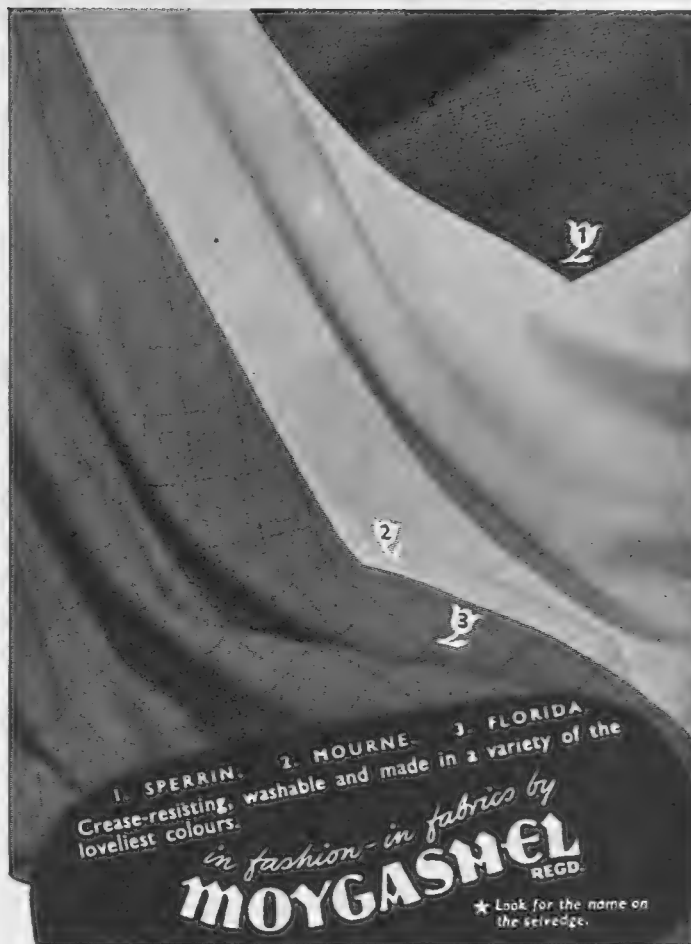
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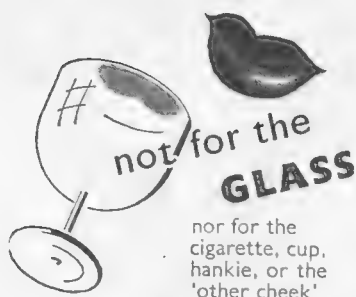
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would not be available for a few days. Now, with the fascinating quirk of triumph about his mouth, he made his way through the lilac-scented morning to the clockmaker's shop.

When he walked through the shop and into the back room, he found Leopold sitting in his usual position on the bed staring as usual at the table beside him. But on his foolish face was a strangely remote smile, and on the table, instead of the grenadier clock, was a pair of long silk gloves the colour of fully opened lilac.

Rudolf stood motionless as a stone.

"My poor Leo," he said softly. "Where is the grenadier?"

Leopold looked up slowly, like a man waking from a dream.

"The North Sea lady has him," he said.

Rudolf let out a roar of fury.

"The witch! The enchantress! The vixen!" he shouted. "What did she pay you?"

Leopold shook his head.

"I gave him to her. She gave me her gloves in exchange," he said, pointing to them.

Rudolf took a step nearer to him, grabbed him roughly by the shoulder and shook him.

"Are you mad, Leo Lavender?" he asked.

"Have you not refused great sums of money time after time for that clock?"

"Well, I told you I liked her gloves."

Rudolf gave him a little push and strode over to the door. "Leo," he said in a dangerously quiet voice, "be advised and keep out of my reach, for if I get my hands on you again I really believe I shall beat you."

"Why, Rudi," said Leopold, opening his eyes wide. "I had no idea you were so fond of the grenadier." But it was for another reason that he went over and stood close to Rudolf and said:

"If it would give you any satisfaction. . ."

This meekness was too much for Rudolf, who turned sharply on his heel, marched out of the shop and slammed the door behind him.

WELL, of course it did not last very long, that quarrel of theirs. The next evening Rudolf walked in through the shop as usual, and announced to Leopold that he had decided to forgive him. Surprisingly, Leopold laughed. But Rudolf was magnanimous enough to overlook it, and they went to the café round the corner and got rather drunk together.

The lilac withered on the branches, the leaves fell from the trees. Winter came, then spring again, autumn and another winter.

So the years went by in the gay and leisurely city, until one winter evening two ageing men were sitting in the back room of the clockmaker's shop, sharing a bottle of wine, and talking of days that were gone.

The back room had changed little in twenty years. On the table by the bed was a white box with a glass lid in which lay a pair of faded silk gloves.

Leopold was thinner and beginning to stoop a little; his eyes looked tired and his hair was turning grey. He was still a simple soul.

Rudolf, on the contrary, had grown plumper; his eyes still shone and he stood erect, but his hair and his pointed beard were streaked with white.

## All The Answers (Continued from page 43)

attractive open fire with hot air convection ducts to give a sixty per cent efficiency instead of the normal thirty per cent to thirty-five per cent. At night, however, a flange from the top slotted into the front converts the fire into a slow combustion stove that will burn the night through.

The best possible hot water system at the cheapest possible running cost is a problem that teases every householder. In many cases, a solid fuel boiler that will give hot water at kitchen sink and in the bathroom, warm the kitchen and provide a little central heating throughout the house too is cheapest in the long run. But there are snags. What about heating the water in summer when a big fire makes the kitchen a furnace? What about the loss of fuel involved in heating large quantities of hot water no longer required for central heating when the warm days come along?

As things stand at present, a secondary

## The Grenadier Clock

"We shall be gone soon, Leo," he said sadly, "and no one will very much care. I wish I had had a son."

Leo gave him a comforting smile, and pushed the bottle across the table.

The front door rattled, and they heard footsteps inside the shop.

"An odd time of night to buy clocks," Rudolf said.

But Leo called out: "Come through, if you please."

There was only one candle in the back room. They found it more restful to their eyes. A shape moved through the doorway, and stood in the shadows.

"Good evening," said a clear, youthful voice. "Is one of you gentlemen Mr. Leopold Lavender?"

"I am," said Leopold.

A large parcel was set down on the table by a pair of smooth, brown hands, and the voice, speaking with a not unpleasant foreign accent, went on:

"My mother, before she died, made me promise to come here. She said it was the most beautiful place in the world, and she told me to bring you her clock."

The hands stripped off the paper coverings, and a miniature sentry box painted in diagonal black-and-white lines was revealed. The hands of the clock in the top of the box moved up to the hour: the door opened, and out came the blue grenadier and raised his silver bugle to his painted lips. . . . As the fanfare died away, a tear trickled out of Leopold's eye and ran down his long, foolish nose.

"Those are my mother's gloves," the stranger's voice said softly, and one of his hands rested lightly on the glass lid.

That voice. . .

Rudolf seized the hand and pulled the visitor forward.

"Come into the light, man, and let us see you!"

There was silence while the two elderly men stared at the young man before them. Then Rudolf threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"You dog, Leo!" he gasped. "You cunning old devil!"

Spring followed the winter and the years went gently on. The two old men still sat in the back shop in the evenings, with the grenadier clock on the table beside them. And not far away, as likely as not absorbed in the mechanism of one of the famous Lavender clocks, was a younger man. And very often when Rudolf Mondeval looked at him he would shake his head and chuckle and say to Leopold:

"Oh, you dog, Leo!"

The young man, who loved clocks more than anything in the world, never understood what Rudolf meant by this. He was a pleasant young man, with very sweet blue eyes and soft brown hair and big, foolish ears and a long, foolish nose. He was a simple soul.

END

hot water system to feed sink and bath as well as the boiler for winter use, are the best answer to the problems of all-the-year-round hot water supplies. But soon this will seem a very clumsy best.

The home of the future may have a double decker hot water storage tank. When winter brings a demand for central heating, a double tank comes into operation to meet the extra requirements. In warmer days, the large tank cuts out, leaving a small tank to meet the summer demands.

Some of these appliances are ready to be sent into the shops now. Some are still in the ideas stage and it will be some time before they are ready for installation. But at least the housewife's problems are not being neglected. It is only a question of time now, before she has a house which if it does not run itself, is at least ready to do so at the slightest push.

END

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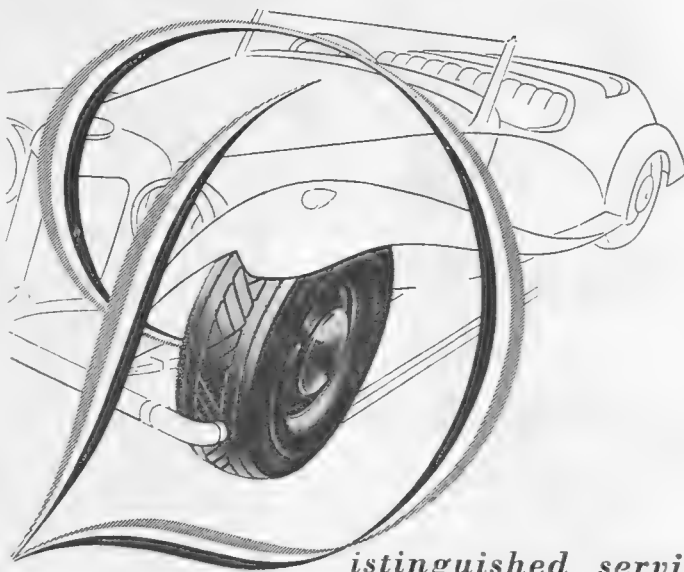
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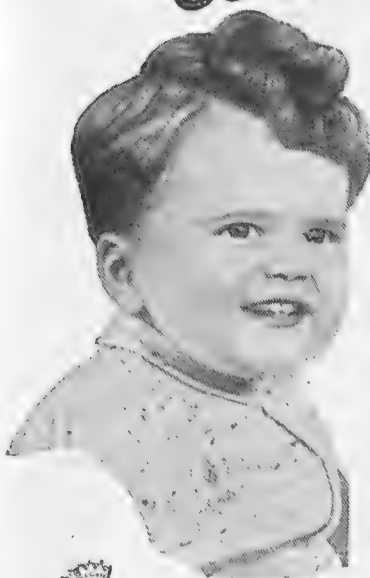
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## Embroidered Sweater

(Continued from page 36)

end rows. Return to the 40 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the last set of 40 sts.

### THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking stitch. Work for 1 in. Then increase 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 110 sts. and work measures 13½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

### SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 86 sts. remain. Work for 1 in. on these 86 sts. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work on the first 43 sts. until armhole measures 6 ins. (placing the remaining 43 sts. on a spare needle).

### SHAPE NECK

Cast off 5 sts. at the neck edge. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

### SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the 43 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the centre edge and work to correspond.

### SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 76 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles

and stocking stitch. Work for 1 in. Then increase 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 86 sts. are on needle and sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

### SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 32 sts. remain. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

Cast on with No. 12 needles 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press each part on the wrong side of work with a warm iron and damp cloth. Place the transfers as required on to the front of pullover and tack down firmly. Work embroidery over the transfer, with the coloured wools. Now cut the tacking threads from the transfer, and pull away the transfer. Press embroidery on the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neckband. With a No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of double crochet each side of the back opening. Work button loops on the right-hand side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew buttons on the left-hand side of back opening.

END.

## Square-Neck Blouse

(Continued from page 36)

### SHAPE NECK

Work 22 sts., cast off 46 sts., work 22 sts. Work on the last 22 sts. (placing the remaining 22 sts. on spare needle). Work on the 22 sts. for 1 in., then increase 1 st. at the neck edge on the next and every 5th row following until 28 sts., continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

### SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the remaining 22 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge, and work to correspond with the last set of 22 sts.

### THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 97 sts. Work welt ribbing as for the back. Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. Work for 1 in. Then increase 1 st. each end of the next and every 5th row following until 117 sts. and work measures 13½ ins. from the cast on edge.

### SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 87 sts.

remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

### SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining sts. for the back of the neck.

### SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 87 sts. Rib 4 rows only as for the lower edge of back welt. Change to main patt. and work 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in main patt. until work measures 6 ins. from the cast on edge.

### SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 35 sts. remain. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side of work (omitting ribbed welt). Sew up the shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Work 2 rows of double crochet all round the neck. Press all seams. Sew in frilling inside the neck edging and inside the edge of the sleeves.

## A Soupçon Of Meat

(Continued from page 46)

pastry leaves. Brush over with milk and bake in good oven Regulo 6 or 400°F. for about ½ an hour.

Stuffed baked potatoes or tomatoes are usually popular and can be filled with any left over oddments of mince, helped out with a few diced vegetables, chopped parsley or a rasher of bacon fried and chopped gives a little extra flavour. A similar mixture makes a good filling for pancakes, a tasty luncheon dish.

### PORK JOLLY APPLES

**Ingredients:** 6 large cooking apples; ¼ lb. cooked pork (beef or sausage meat are equally good); cooked peas; 4 oz. bread-crumbs; 1 tablespoonful parsley; squeeze lemon juice; 1½ oz. suet or melted lard; seasoning.

Wash and core apples. Cut away a little more apple so as to make a hole about ½ inch across. Chop these bits of apple or put through the mincer with the pork and mix in a cupful of cooked peas. Season and fill the holes with the mixture. Place on well greased fireproof dish, cover with greased paper and

bake in a moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 400° F. about 20 minutes or till tender. Meanwhile make a plain forcemeat with other ingredients, moisten with a little egg and milk and form into balls. Fry these and serve with apples together with chipped potatoes and baby carrots.

### MIDGET TOADS IN HOLES

**Ingredients:** Cooked mutton; 4 tomatoes; ½ pint yorkshire pudding batter (made with 1 egg, 4 oz. flour, ½ pint milk and water mixed, salt—egg can be omitted); about 1 oz. dripping.

Melt a little dripping in the bottom of eight well greased patty tins or little fireproof dishes. Cut meat into squares about 1½ inches across. Place a piece of meat in each dish with a half tomato on top, cut side down. Pour batter round, half filling cases. Bake in a good oven, Regulo 7 or 450°F. for 20-30 minutes, lowering oven to Regulo 5 or 400° F. after first 10 minutes. Turn out into dish with a border of mashed potatoes and serve with green vegetable.

END



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# The Devil's Grip (Continued from page 19)

place-cards and lettering them in her best progressive school manner, a gaudy rose for Persia, a bilious daffodil for Barry, a lily for Steve, a violet for herself.

PERSIA, in champagne satin, was a great golden rose, in truth the most beautiful creature Eva had ever seen as she told Steve with commendable fairness. There was a healthy radiance about her, Eva noted with dismay, that betokened the fine wife and mother, the sort of homelife that looked so well in a public man's Press releases. Worse still, the way Steve looked at the girl made Eva think she might as well get out the old roller-skates and start skating.

"The kid's no dumb-bell, either," Steve said, quite disarmed by his wife's apparent appreciation. "Barry doesn't think she's quite up to singing with us yet, but we can cover for her till she catches. The main thing is the kid's got a head on her shoulders."

"That'll work off in no time," Eva said, encouragingly, but Steve was busy pouring the wine which, he declared, looked exactly like Persia herself. He said that without open her mouth she could out-sing any band thrush in the country. A golden rose, he stated, a great big old golden rose."

"Can't you think of anything else to say about me?" pouted Persia. "You've said that a dozen times to-night."

"That makes a dozen roses for your birthday," Eva explained. "And very cheap, too."

IN the intimacy of Eva's dressing-room Persia confessed to having been awfully scared of meeting Stevie's wife, but now she realized it was just what Stevie had said—more like pals than lovers. She did want Eva to understand that honestly, truly, she thought she could help Stevie. She thought it would make him a much bigger, greater man really, truly, if he had a family to think about instead of just his own fun all the time. Moreover, she wanted him to do concert work—look at Eddie Condon and Stan Kenton—and specialize more, instead of just the usual band corny stuff. She herself was getting a start singing with his band, but she was coaching and studying all the time to get into opera. But of course Stevie's career would always come first. She was already making him study serious music and go to concerts with her because honestly, truly, Stevie simply had to get out of that rut of never seeing anybody but his bandboys.

"They're the only people he likes," Eva retorted, startled to find the old instincts of protecting her darling rising much stronger than her jealousy. How dared anyone want to change him?

"There's a lot of things I can teach Stevie," Persia said, sombrely, fussing with her lovely golden hair before the mirror. "He's still terribly, terribly Broadway. Really, not the faintest idea of what good taste is. Take this bracelet he gave me for my birthday."

"How sweet," Eva murmured mechanically, but her jaw dropped at sight of the diamond-studded fireworks the girl was taking from her arm. Like many other comedians, Steve took money very seriously. Never, never would he make a gift like that without marrying it. Eva turned quite pale.

"It's so—so, I don't know, so garish," Persia said, holding it up to the light with an apologetic laugh. "I can't hurt his feelings by exchanging it, but I do feel awfully self-conscious wearing it with nice people."

Eva picked up the glittering proof of her husband's sincerity and toyed with it as Persia absorbed herself in re-arranging her hair. In all her years of knowing Steve he had always felt that the gift of himself was sufficient for the lady he loved, and Eva thought gloomily that she herself was probably the only woman in the world who would agree. She quietly unclasped the imitation emerald clip he had given her for her own birthday and dropped it in her dresser-drawer. So it was real love for Steve this time, or it wouldn't rate real jewels.

"I see what you mean about the bad taste,"

she said, handing the bracelet back to Persia.

"It does make a woman look hard."

Eva was thoughtful all during the fine crab soup and the wine-drenched venison which came and went almost untouched in the steady succession of toasts to Persia McGee, the champagne blonde, the great golden rose.

"Stevie, I do wish you'd stop calling me that!" Persia pleaded. "Please be serious for a minute. I'm trying to tell you that Benny's new song is stolen from Gounod and—"

"Goon-oh?" Steve repeated blankly, looking at Eva.

"In the song by Gounod—" went on Persia.

"Steve, stop it!" Eva said reprovingly.

Persia looked from one to the other, puzzled.

"It is Goon-oh, isn't it, I mean, it isn't goon-odd?"

"Steve, please!" Eva exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" Persia asked.

"He's kicking me under the table," Eva said. "Never mind, go on."

"I wasn't kicking anybody," declared Steve, pouring more wine and spilling lavishly. "I'm just sitting here admiring my great golden rose in her pretty little glass bracelet. Like it, beautiful?"

"I told you before I liked it, but I'd rather have a Picasso," Persia said patiently.

"Well, a horse like that costs money, too," said Steve.

"You see what I mean, Mrs. Bailey?" Persia appealed to Eva. "He thinks Picasso is a horse."

"Stop kicking me, Steve, really you're being very rude!" Eva scolded.

Persia looked confused.

"It isn't Pickaso. I know it isn't Pickaso."

"Stop teasing her, Steve," Eva reproved.

"It isn't that important. Lots of people don't know how to pronounce names."

"Was he kicking you again?" Persia demanded of Eva ominously.

"I was not!" Steve denied. "I was listening to every word."

Persia looked straight ahead sulkily.

"I don't believe it. You always make fun of me when I'm serious. You think just because I didn't finish school I don't have any brains. You just keep calling me a rose—"

"A rose. A great golden beautiful rose," Steve agreed enthusiastically. "I'll say it again. A mighty intelligent little rose, too."

Eva jumped but said nothing.

"You're kicking your wife under the table again!" Persia cried bitterly. "You brought me here just to make fun of me!"

"Do I have to put my feet on the table to prove you're wrong?" Steve begged to know. "Listen, you beautiful little creature, just ask my wife here if I didn't tell her this very morning that you were the biggest thing in my life."

"He did, Persia, he really did," Eva assured her. "He always does."

This time it was no imaginary kick under the table but Eva did not wince.

"Tell her what I told you, confound you, will you?" Steve bellowed.

"He said I was sitting on his hat," Eva answered.

Persia stood up. Steve put his arm around her imploringly.

"Honey, would I have given you that bracelet if I only wanted to make fun of you? Ask my wife. Ask anybody."

"I don't believe a word you have ever said," Persia said tremulously, chin lifted proudly. "I don't even believe the diamonds are real. Even if they are I won't keep them."

She held out the jewels haughtily and then her eyes fell on her wrist and she gave a cry of pure rage. She pointed speechlessly to the significant green stain where the bracelet had been worn.

"Why, they weren't even real!" she gasped. "You thought you could fool me! You thought it was just a good joke to make me fall in love with you—something to laugh about with your wife—and then you give me this! Oh, how

(Continued on page 62)

## WHO DRANK THE LEMON SQUASH?

I did,  
said the Gardener



I can't dig  
without my allotment of

# IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink



Squashes 3/- per bottle

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way to better  
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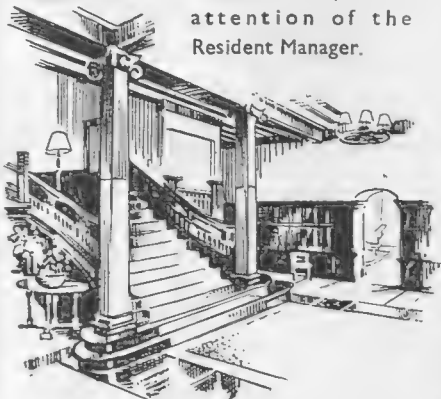
# Dornoch HOTEL SUTHERLAND

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A holiday hotel on the Sunshine coast North of Inverness. Accommodation enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.



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BRITISH TRANSPORT  
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Wise knitters  
aim for...

Target

Wools



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WAKEFIELD ENGLAND.  
SPINNERS AND DYERS OF SUPERB  
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wicked you are! Always making fun!"

She pushed him aside, flinging the gift so that it cut his cheek, and snatching up her cape from the sofa, rushed out of the room choking with sobs.

Steve scratched his head helplessly and picked up the bracelet.

"Fifteen grand and she calls it a phoney," he muttered resentfully, and then he saw the green paint on the inner side. He studied it in silence and then lifted his eyes to Eva who was studiously rubbing off the same stains from her right forefinger. Their gaze met and there was the dawn of admiration in his.

"I thought I'd tone it down a little," she said brightly. "Persia thought it looked so garish."

"I see you painted the place-cards, too," he said. "Pretty."

"I was hoping you'd notice them," Eva said modestly.

From the outer hall they could hear the elevator bell ringing furiously. He could catch her still if he wanted to, Eva thought, but he made no move.

"I might have known you wouldn't let me throw away all that dough," he said. "A dumb kid like that wouldn't have given it back, either."

"She should have finished school," Eva agreed.

Suddenly his shoulders began to shake with inner mirth.

"Pretending I was kicking you every time she opened her mouth!" he chuckled.

## The Devil's Grip

"What a routine! Darling, that was a stroke of genius!"

"It was you that thought of the great golden rose," Eva parried the compliment gracefully.

They laughed softly, the mellow secret laugh of a pair of tired demons after a good day's work. Steve dropped beside her on the sofa.

"Shucks," he said. "There's an eighteen-year-old girl born every day, but there's only one Eva."

Safe. Safe once more, she exulted but the next moment felt a stab of pain in her chest. What was the matter with her when again everything was all right—Steve had his money back and she had Steve? And the girl—well, she'd rather have a Picasso. . . . The elevator door clanged shut and unaccountably, tactlessly, Eva sprang up from Steve's embrace. His laughter died away and he looked foolish sitting there with his arms spread out holding nobody. Like an old man, she thought, or like a very old baby. That was the trouble, she thought, that must be why she didn't feel happier; it wasn't such a victory taking candy away from a spoiled baby. Indeed, it really hurt.

"It's just something that's going round," she answered the angry question in his eyes, holding her hand to her right side. "There's an awful funny name for it."

END

## Books (Continued from page 41)

SYLVIA THOMPSON is "different" because her method is to pour out a jumble of characters, each neatly and deftly hit off, like pieces in a jigsaw, and wait so patiently for the picture to emerge that by page 50 one is still murmuring: *But where's the story?* In "The People Opposite" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) it resolves into a contrasting study of two families, and is for the sophisticated reader who prefers subtle undertones in characterization to the beat of the big drum.

LABOUR government, dollar shortage, relations with Russia. . . . Sir Philip Gibbs is again up-to-the-minute as our Stop Press novelist in the story of a Labour Member's scamp son who meets a political peer's daughter on the Control Commission in Germany and wins her from a Tory rival. "Both Your Houses" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is for those who like a novel of political as well as personal cross-currents which reflects what we are thinking to-day.

IT looks as if the Burma campaign is to provoke more novels than any other, with H. E. Bates leading the literary Chindits. The latest to join the sun-tanned column is Donald C. Eyre whose "Foxes Have Holes" (Hale, 8s. 6d.) tells the vivid story of a party of Wingate's men who glider-crash behind the Jap lines and have to fight their way out of the jungle against heavy odds. An achievement by a young writer who means to put the tropic hell he endured to some positive use.

GIVE Rafael Sabatini the right subject, and still no one can touch him at historic romance. This time he finds it in John Law, Laird of Lauriston, who killed Beau Wilson in a duel over his wife, Margaret Ogilvy, broke prison, fled to Louis XIV's France, became a notorious gambler there, induced the Duke of Orleans, as Regent, to adopt his financial scheme, achieved the rank of Comptroller-General, and was ultimately brought down by jealous rivals. "The Gamester" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) strides through the period in fine style.

MISS FISHAMBLE, in Winifred Duke's "Mart of Nations" (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), is a Victorian governess but no Jane Eyre. She discovers a secret of a daughter of the family and squalidly exploits it, under threat of exposure, whenever they try to dismiss her. Miss Duke is expert in handling this horror, but she could have done it in considerably less than the 480 pages.

SUSAN, in Elizabeth Yates's "Wind of Spring" (Cassell, 9s. 6d.), requires only 254, and what a treasure, by contrast, she is! Here is the story of a servant under mistresses both harsh and kind, her love for Bob the gardener who longs to grow flowers in a Royal park, her courage and fortitude in life's ups and downs, her humble philosophy: "A way to be useful was all one could ask of life." Her devotion will make the modern mistress's mouth water, if not her eyes. Perhaps she is a shade too saintly, though I'm privileged to know a daily help who reflects her generous, honest qualities.

WHAT! Poison in a Bishop's Palace, a Reverend mysteriously dead, Scotland Yard called in, the Bishop himself, who had a motive for wishing the victim out of the way, moaning: "I see myself suspected, arrested, brought to justice. . . . In my few snatches of sleep I have seen the condemned cell, the last walk, heard the last prayers!" Come, come, Lady Peck, is nothing sacred? The riddle, in Winifred Peck's "Arrest the Bishop?" (Faber, 9s. 6d.) takes a lot of facetious explaining at the end, but I've no doubt a lot of vicarages will be thrilled by it and even hope—faintly—for something of the kind to happen to them to break the sacerdotal monotony. . . .

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

### NOVELS AND DETECTIVE FICTION

Denis Mackail's new novel, "By Auction" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); "Bleeding From the Roman," a time fantasy by Eric Romilly (Chapman and Hall, 9s. 6d.); "The Evening Heron," by Philip Freund (Allen, 7s. 6d.); "The Keys to the House," by Elizabeth Marion (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.)

### MISCELLANEOUS

"Menagerie in F Sharp," the wise and witty memoirs of a music-hunting man by H. W. Heinsheimer (Boardman, 8s. 6d.); "The Child: An Adult's Problem," which with works on Man and Woman completes the trilogy by Anthony M. Ludovici (Carroll and Nicholson, 10s. 6d.); "Guiding Human Misfits," by Alexandra Adler (Faber, 7s. 6d.); "Good Sandwiches and Picnic Dishes," containing some 300 suggestions for sandwiches and snacks by Ambrose Heath (Faber, 4s. 6d.); "What the World Wears," a survey of materials and their origins by R. K. and M. I. R. Polkinghorne (Harrap, 12s. 6d.).

## Desperate Daddy writes:

"Whenever I think of the prospect of family travel, I come over all of a shudder. My twin sons, Rack and Ruin, can be guaranteed to involve me in not less than six lawsuits in the course of a three-hour journey. Ought I to buy myself a bottle of arsenic before it goes on the ration?"



## Jamaica Jo says:

"I wouldn't, Desperate Daddy. Buy a bottle of Jamaica Rum instead. Take a tot before you start your journey and your twin tots will seem much more bearable. You will automatically have the holiday spirit. One swallow can make a summer."

*"It's wonderful what  
**JAMAICA RUM**  
will do!"*

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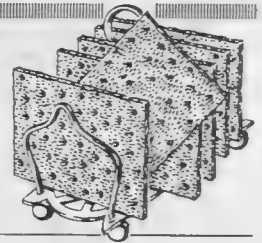
**Recipe for Jamaica Orange** ★★★

Head and shoulders above any other Orange drink you ever tasted — and refreshingly simple to make. The ingredients are: 1 measure of J.R., ½ measure Orange Squash, ½ measure French Vermouth. Add ice and stir.

Send for 'Jamaica Jo's RUM RECIPES' to: Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of Jamaica) Ltd, Dept BE3, 40, Norfolk St., Strand, W.C.2

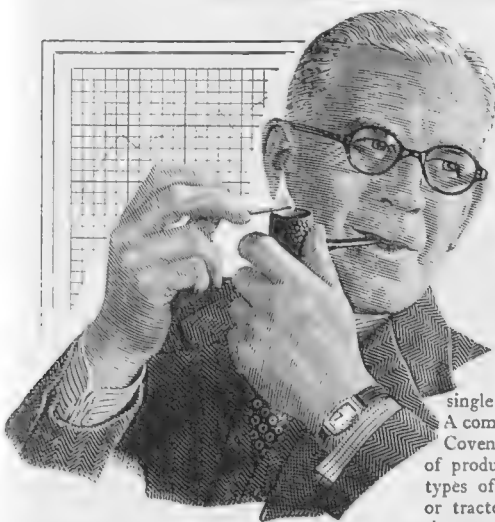


Vita-Weat is good to eat \* So  
crisp and nice to crunch \*  
Wheat in its most delicious form \* Try it to-day,  
with lunch!



Now points free

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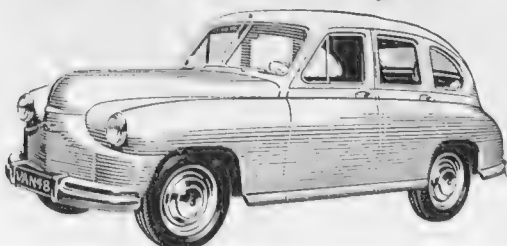


## We've got a World plan

THE WORLD has always needed motor cars — any amount of them. But to-day they must be roomy, sturdy, yet attractive to look at — and reasonably priced. Is it possible to include all these features in a single, popular model? Satisfy China as well as Peru? We in the Standard Organisation said: "Yes, it can be done." That is why we are concentrating on a

single model — the Standard Vanguard. A completely new car. At our plant in Coventry we have worked out a system of production that enables alternative types of engine — to power either car or tractor — to be manufactured from the same machine tools; bodies and chassis assembled with the minimum of labour wastage; workers' incentives increased by a new bonus system; the production target placed at 500 cars a day. One car, one plan, one target. The result — a product that is adding new honours to British engineering craftsmanship all over the world.

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... in life's lovely moments

Be ready for the lovely moments when they come ... maybe tomorrow, today, tonight! Icilma Face Powder, soft and clinging, adds the touch of enchantment to make-up. Its fragrance, exquisite and haunting, tells you all the time how lovely you're looking.



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RACHEL, NATURELLE, APRICOT,  
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2/2½ and 11d

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# "Little Denmark" In Britain

(Continued from page 14)



## KERFOOTS

### Antiseptic THROAT PASTILLES

based on the skill  
and experience of  
three generations

From your Chemist

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.  
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

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for gravy  
with  
the  
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flavour



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the Makers of  
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## SEA SICKNESS

is mainly caused by unusual motion which deranges the organs of balance. Mothersill's quickly counteracts this effect, strengthens the susceptible nerve centres and neutralizes dryness of the throat.

## Mothersill's

### SEASICK REMEDY

has been used successfully for more than 45 years throughout the world by experienced Sea-, Air-, Train- and Motor-Travellers.

Obtainable at leading Chemists everywhere

lasted through the night. Finally, the *Countess of Scarborough* was put completely out of action; so, too, was Jones's flagship—the *Bonhomme Richard*. The American seaman boarded the *Serapis* and ran up his colours—but by this time the Baltic merchantmen had got safely away. A silver box given to Captain Thomas Piercy of the *Countess of Scarborough* for his "gallant defence of the Baltic Fleet" under the lee of Flamborough Head is now in the possession of Hull Corporation.

Flamborough folk have always had their own private "engagements"—bold, stirring affairs that abundantly offset and sometimes outshone the doings of the "foreigners" beyond their confines. English folk on the other side of Danes' Dyke were always regarded as "foreigners," and though Flamborough fishermen might look innocent enough playing merrils on the beach—using eighteen pebbles as counters in this ancient game—or tending their cobbles, they could be creatures of very narrow loyalties. There were times when a donkey, bedecked with lanterns, would be led along the cliff tops to lure vessels to their doom. Wrecks were profitable.

That, however, was long before the present lighthouse was built, in 1806. Its builder was John Matson, a Bridlington man, who in earlier life had been seized by the press gang. He had to buy himself out of the service; not so a certain Flamborough youth of George III's day—he affected imbecility and was therefore released after being only two months away from home! A good deal of local pride, backed no doubt by an enforced sense of thrift, goes into the telling of that story!

Innumerable caves that make the chalk cliffs of Flamborough one great warren—secret exits and dangerous waterways being the connecting links—gave to smuggling an enhanced glory. Pigeon Hole, The Ghauts, Dancing School, China Hole, Kirk Hob Hole, Joe Whiting Cave—one can visit them all to-day, either on foot or by boat, but only when one of the local fishermen tells their story, with the clear echo of raiding forefathers in his speech, do the caves assume their full grandeur and sense of mystery.

One of the grandest caves, down by the North Landing, is named after Robin Lyth. Whether, like Robin Hood, he is rooted in fact or fiction it is difficult to say.

In his novel *Mary Anerley*, R. D. Blackmore makes Robin Lyth a real person. So do most Flamborough folk to this day, and admiration possesses them as they tell how on one occasion Robin, hotly pursued by the revenue sleuths, was compelled to seek refuge in his cave-lair though the tide was rising quickly. Only Robin's intimate knowledge of this massive cave, which reaches a height of eighty feet, saved him. The cave soon filled up with sea water, and he had to crouch in a roof-crevice slightly above high-water level until the tide fell.

There is no more romantic place on the English coast than Flamborough Head. Unlawful occasions have long since been lived down, yet the grand spirit of the past survives in a sturdy community of folk, who seem gratified that their "pocket kingdom" has recently been singled out for preservation against despoilers of natural beauty. Long may "Little Denmark" remain inviolate!

END

## Penury Under The Palms

(Continued from page 13)

|                                | s. | d. |                              | s. | d. |
|--------------------------------|----|----|------------------------------|----|----|
| 1 lb. of tea                   | 6  | 6  | 1 lb. butter ..              | 3  | 6  |
| 2 lb. coffee                   | 4  | 6  | 1 lb. margarine              | 1  | 9  |
| 2 lb. sugar                    | 0  | 6  | (vile stuff)                 |    |    |
| Cereal ..                      | 3  | 10 | 2 lb. rice ..                | 1  | 10 |
| (Just over 1s.<br>in England!) |    |    | Half a dozen<br>tinned soups | 7  | 6  |
| 1 doz. eggs                    | 5  | 0  |                              |    |    |
| Small tin of<br>baked beans    | 1  | 9  |                              |    |    |

We thought those items were dear, but when we saw that a ten-inch bar of ordinary household soap was 2s. 6d., we really started wondering. When later on there was no butter available for weeks on end (because the ship hadn't come in) we found we couldn't stand the margarine substitute, whatever it was, so we adults existed on dry bread and the children had biscuits—a small imported package cost 2s.

The prize effort was flour—4s. for a five-pound bag and, without exaggeration, we had to throw away four out of every five bags bought because they were full of weevils.

We cheered up a little when we came to liquor prices—aided by a much-needed sample. Local rum costs anything from six to fifteen shillings a bottle, and there are some extraordinary good brands at the lower prices. Plenty of Scotch whisky is available at £1 a bottle, and gin is the same price. Imported bottled beer at 1s. 9d. a half bottle is not so attractive, financially speaking. Cigarettes at 1s. 6d. for twenty are easy to obtain in any quantity and the local cigarettes, which are very good, are even cheaper.

**B**UYING oranges in the city markets we, at first, thought them cheap enough at 1d. each, but then we discovered the growers sold them for 6s. for a box of about 240, and we soon found ours in the country at a quarter of the town price, and the same with bananas, for which we generally paid about 5s. for a "stem" of perhaps 100 fruit. In town the price is never less than 1d. each. To get meat we had to get up at 5.30 a.m. and go to market, haggling with a gory black

butcher for every penny and every ounce or pay 4s. 6d. a pound for live chickens, carry them home squawking by the legs and slaughter them in the garden.

Sometimes the butcher would mysteriously produce a nice-looking piece of beef. Asked where it came from (this was during a strike of beef producers—there is always some sort of strike in Jamaica!) he would say: "De country, sah!" We discovered this was black market beef—meat from animals stolen from grazing fields by town bands who nightly sallied into the country. Much of it was tubercular in addition!

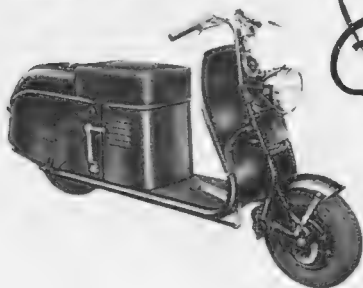
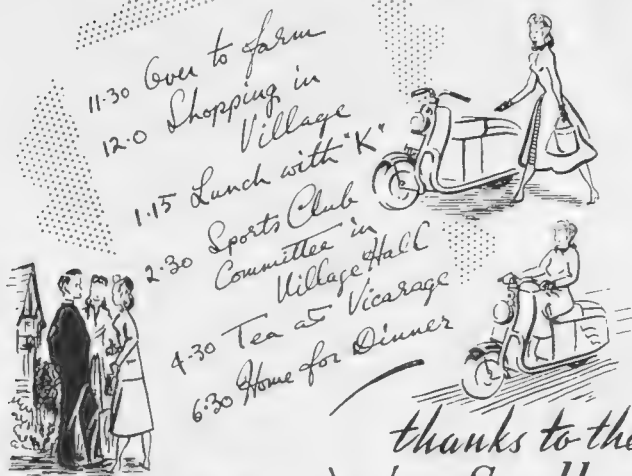
In self-defence against these prices, we grew to eat and like local food—the yam, like a coarse potato, the yampi—rather like a delicate, floury one, the chou-chou (form of pumpkin) and the plantain—a relative of the banana, which must always be cooked. And, of course, peas and rice, Jamaica's national dish.

**T**HERE were, naturally, some compensations. Electricity was cheap, but there were not enough transformers in the island to permit many electric cookers, and the servants often preferred to work with steel braziers or oil stoves. For 13s. a month one could rent a party-line telephone and make as many calls as one wanted—it would have been foolish to have call-boxes in Jamaica, for half the population would not know how to work them and the other half would rob them!

Transport? Well, taxis were more than luxuries in that climate and with the distance between residential and working districts. It simply did not pay a white man to try and live cheaply in the downtown areas among the coloured people. This was not a matter of prejudice, it simply did not work out for many reasons and liberal white people I know who tried it had eventually to move. A taxi journey that would cost perhaps 3s. 6d. in London ran out at 15s. at least in Kingston.

Entertainment, (Continued on page 66)

*Eve gets it all done—*



*thanks to the*  
**Swallow Gadabout**

The ideal machine for town and country homes . . . that odd shopping run . . . the casual call . . . home to business and an equally speedy return . . . in fact for all the little trips that make the daily round. Easy to handle and giving approxi-

mately 95 miles per gallon the Gadabout is equipped with the Villiers 10D. 122 c.c. two-stroke engine, 3-speed gear box, has a cruising speed of 30 m.p.h., comfortable seating and maximum weather protection. Obtainable from all authorised Swallow dealers.

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**THE AIRPORT, WALSALL, STAFFS**



the  
new  
line  
for  
'49

Here's an end to figure austerity! High quality garments, formerly for export only, are now available for you. The '49 design and flexible grading has made the "problem figure" a thing of the past. In five fashion shades. Ask to see them today!

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*the flower of modern foundations*



*Time-saving way to make*  
**LOVELY CURTAINS**

When you buy new curtain material, follow the experts and use "Rufflette" brand Curtain Tape. Simply sew your curtain heading with "Rufflette"

tape, pull the drawcords and your curtain pleats in deep, even folds. (Don't cut the cords, remember you will want to unpleat for laundering). Now insert the "Rufflette" hooks or rings in the woven pockets, and your curtains are ready for hanging. When making at home, or ordering curtains, "Rufflette" tape is indispensable for lovely drape and ease in washing.

**'Rufflette'** BRAND

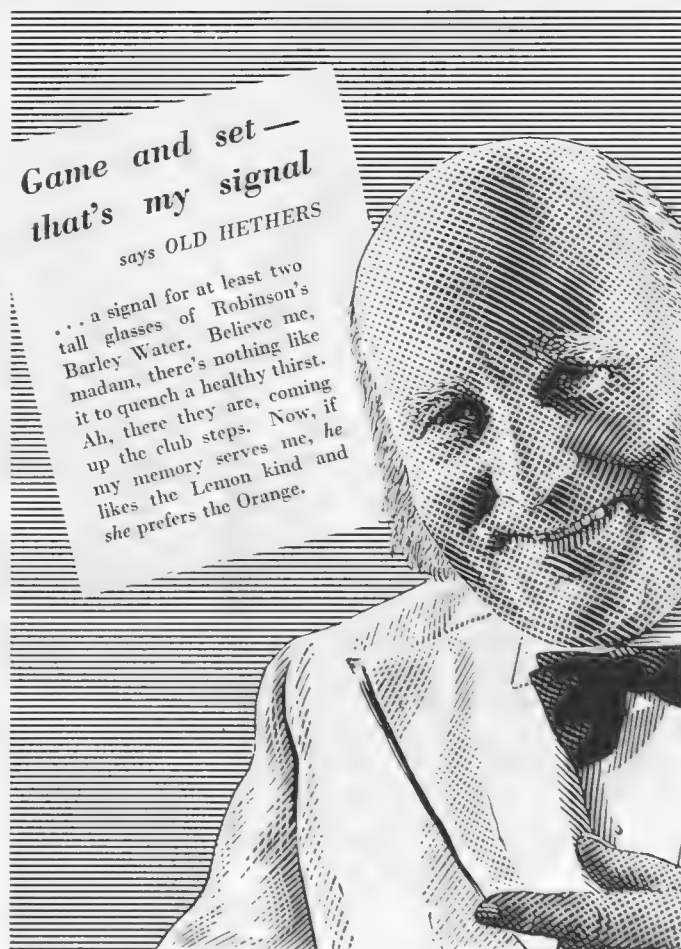
**CURTAIN TAPE**  
also Hooks or Rings

By the same makers as 'Rufflette' Curtain Rails  
THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD., Manchester  
Wythenshawe, also London, U.S.A. and Canada



**Game and set —  
that's my signal**  
says OLD HETHERS

... a signal for at least two tall glasses of Robinson's Barley Water. Believe me, madam, there's nothing like it to quench a healthy thirst. Ah, there they are, coming up the club steps. Now, if my memory serves me, he likes the Lemon kind and she prefers the Orange.



**Robinson's** Lemon BARLEY or Orange WATER



FOR THE FOUNDATION  
OF FIGURE

*Loveliness wear a*

**VG**  
*Brassière*

*— in three models*  
*Virginia • Vivienne • Venetia*

Each fitted with patent  
shoulder-strap adjust-  
able Slides—easily re-  
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**HOWARD WALL LIMITED**  
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*Obtainable from all good-class stores.*

too, is expensive. Kingston is many miles from decent beaches—it is surrounded by beaches with dirty black sand that gets appallingly hot to the feet and is the haunt of millions of sandflies, vicious ants, and mosquitoes. So it is necessary to drive to the northern side of the island for the really lovely blue bays, cool coves, golden, pink, silver, and orange sands. It means a long drive over incredible mountain roads, climbing 6,000 feet to cross the mountain spine. The roads corkscrew around and around, up and up and over themselves, with sickening drops of hundreds of feet on one side into valleys dense with bananas and coconut-palm trees.

FOR nearly half the year there is an acute water shortage in Kingston, though all the water that could be desired is only a few miles away, but nobody can get a scheme going properly to pump it to where it is most needed. Gardens wither in the summer, crops die, and in many districts children suffer severely from malnutrition. At times there is real starvation in parts of the island because of the lack of water. Yet in the northern half there are rivers by the dozen. It seems to be the rule in Jamaica that nothing sensible gets done in the way of public works and improvements unless it provides opportunity for plenty of graft. Corruption is rife, on the tremendous and unashamed scale.

There are some lovely cinemas in Kingston. Most are outdoor ones and it seems strange to be watching films of, say London or New York, flickering on a truly immense screen, and then to glance around and see palm trees waving in the sea breeze that blows by evening, or hear the trams clattering past, every inch packed with people, clinging on to the sides so thickly one wonders the ancient vehicle doesn't break down. The trams are nearly all gone now, replaced by enormous American buses that do four miles to the gallon of (dollar) petrol, but even they often have thirty people standing and it was once seriously suggested that they could take sixty standing and forty sitting! Bus fares are quite dear.

Mr. Rank, who has bought up a chain of Jamaican cinemas, is at last providing an opportunity for the inhabitants of this British colony to see British films. Up to now they have been steeped in American films, books, and propaganda.

## Penury Under The Palms

I should, perhaps, explain that Jamaica has a very special constitution under which the coloured men of the island virtually rule it—though they are always denying they have effective power. They certainly have plenty of power to run the country but the mass of the people complain publicly and loudly that the men elected to office by universal adult suffrage—in a land seventy per cent illiterate!—just are not capable of running the island properly.

CLOTHES are fairly expensive—ninety per cent of women buy materials and have them made up by dressmakers. You will see the same item in three shops side by side—at three different prices. The streets are very colourful—the island has a most mixed population, there are Eurasians, East Indians, Chinese, Portuguese, Spanish, Creoles, negroes, and “white Jamaicans” or half-castes. The women dress with great taste in vivid clothes and the men with much less taste in equally startling colours. “zoot” suits of pale green or bilious pink, white and cream shoes, and the most astonishing hats being much in favour.

Morals are appalling and the children are brought up in the most shocking atmosphere of vice, obscene language (described by a local J.P. as “our national language”) and appalling poverty. It is calculated that around 150,000 children just do not have enough clothes in which to appear decently at school, and the island is at least 75,000 places short of the required number. British attempts to help—under “self rule” that seems to be the most that can be done—are either resisted or what money is made available is used for dubious purposes through an amazing system of rackets and patronage. Inspired by the wife of the present Governor, Lady Molly Huggins, there has been a drive to marry many of the third of the island's mothers who normally don't bother about such a formality! Groups of twenty or more have been married at mass ceremonies, attended by children and even grand-children of the unions!

Jamaica ought to be the happiest island in the West Indies; instead it is the worst, it is a political, moral, and economic shambles, and if it is a “paradise island,” it is assuredly “Paradise Lost.”

END

## Contact Men Of Many Colours

(Continued from page 20)

was that of keeping his pinnacled master in touch, not so much with men, as with their very thoughts.

Napoleon's illegitimate son, the famous Duc de Morny, affords possibly the first, but by no means the last, instance of the nobility “selling” something in the rôle of go-between. What Morny “sold” was nothing less than the modern city of Paris, as we know it. The Second Empire found him engaged in big business, and when the man with the say-so, Louis-Napoleon, fell for Baron Hausmann's conception of a new Paris, it was Morny who “sold” the idea to the big financiers and contractors.

I must hurry on from history—though not before citing the master contact men of both World Wars. What else was Colonel House but a glorified contact man for Woodrow Wilson, and did not the same apply to Harry Hopkins in relation to Franklin Roosevelt? Each had the wide world as his “beat.” Each was an envoy-at-large. For that matter, every ambassador is a contact man operating on the highest plane known to the craft.

This is indeed, a spreading subject. “There is a large and varied field to cover,” says Mr. Hewison, secretary of the Contact Man Inquiry. How right he is! In morals, in business, in politics, in social life, in sport, in art and entertainment; in fact, in a hundred-and-one walks of life, your contact man is never very far away.

Morals. I am mindful of him who could, perhaps, be called the first talent scout. I

mean the spotter and buyer of beautiful slave girls on behalf of caliphs and sultans gone-by, and of oriental potentates still existing. To be spoken of in a different breath are the mean skunks who act as the “eyes” of the “white slave traffic,” noting which likely girls in the towns and countryside are over-susceptible to the “bright lights.”

Business. Chance once saw me inside what I may call a House of Contact. It was in London, not so far from Eros, and a hushed atmosphere of private knowledge and discretion pervaded the stylish rooms and offices. What this enterprise did, was to keep secret, card-indexed files referring to heaven knows how many people, each one of some consequence, great or small, in his or her line. There appeared to be a dual purpose: to inform clients, on request, of particulars of so-and-so's character, ability and record, and to bring together authorities on this, that, and the other, with firms and undertakings requiring specific services.

Example: a concern desires publicity so as to improve the chances of a stock issue in connection with a development scheme in some part of Africa. The House of Contact turns to its files and picks out a publicist with African knowledge, likely to be agreeable to doing the requisite boosting, or maybe somebody in public life likely to be persuaded into raising the subject in a favourable light.

We here sail close to the province of the P.R.O. The Whitehall (Continued on page 68)

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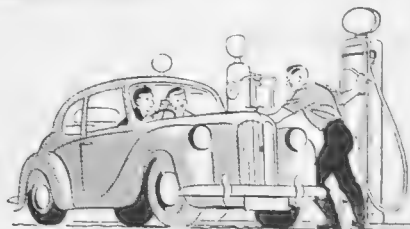
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variety is mainly composed of contact men between Government departments and the Press. I hope, incidentally, that Mr. Attlee recognizes how his administration has bred the species monstrously, thereby contributing to the vertiginous vulgarization of the office of intermediary. Yet I would treat here with the pestiferous type of P.R.O. modelled on the American professional lobbyist.

American lobbyists are a menace, and their kind is multiplying over here. They act as the spearheads of "pressure groups" which could be the undoing of the democratic form. I knew the anti-saloon league lot who used to dog the steps of American legislators and office-holders. They pulled down fat salaries as so many merchants of distortion. The breed has not changed, though it now has to be registered.

The skilled and not-to-be-shaken-off lobbyist trumpets for a minority, often a tiny one, often a crank or crooked one, and puts the whole business clean out of focus. As the mouthpiece of a "pressure group" the lobbyist badgers, intimidates and confuses already not-so-bright professional politicians whose cravings for self-advancement, or a fatter bankroll, are basely played upon.

A contact man of another kind, who must have worked as much harm as any "spider" of his time, was Dubarry, the editor of the Paris *Liberté*. Without Dubarry, Stavisky could never have scaled the dizzy heights that he did. Acquainted with most French politicians who mattered, on terms of intimacy with not a few of them, a prominent figure in the Parisian world of business and pleasure, Dubarry acted as the go-between in handing out Stavisky cheques and shares in payment for closed official eyes or the facilitating of scabrous financial operations.

It comes to this: a deal of contact work is wholly admissible; some more of it is quite innocent; there's the brand that has to be marked "questionable," and there's the anti-social, fraudulent and corrupting.

Even kings have contact men who keep them in touch with what goes on in Parliament. Ex-kings rely still more on trusted adherents who keep their case and cause in the public eye and burrow below ground where advantage lies in doing so.

In proximity to Courts are to be found men and women of title who introduce social climbers among their betters, against an

## Contact Men Of Many Colours

agreed fee, or even sponsor débutantes for a season. In the madhat twenties a certain countess used to boast of adding a thousand a year to her income by taking a couple of debts. under her wing in June and July, and again in October.

Doubtless the practice has fallen away these halcyon times of sunken opportunity. But another form of "contact" is on the up-and-up, as we have good reason to know—the "rake-off man"—who demands a percentage for introducing customers to public men and business houses. And when the rake-off man isn't satisfied with the way he's been treated, he'll play both parties for suckers; we know that, too.

Now bad, now good. What could be more innocent than the usage to which football talent scouts are put? Round they go from field to field, and week-end to week-end, spying out likely subjects for purchase or transfer, to the end that the national pastime (which shows incipient signs of becoming akin to a religious cult; are not prayers now offered up for the success of clubs in Cup and League matches?) . . . so that the national sport shall enfold a budding Matthews or Mortensen without a second's unnecessary delay.

Theatrical producers have long relied on scouts who report promising young beginners of both sexes, and where would film companies be without their talent scouts? Hollywood has a lengthy list of stars revealed in this fashion.

From the animate to the inanimate. The ramifications of contact work extend to rare precious stones, for the tracking-down of which, "oriental potentates" have before now been known to employ special scouts. The same idea applies in respect of leading collectors of curios, *objets d'art*, rare books and prints. These monied mortals will pay good commission to connoisseurs who put them in touch with thrilling "buys." A tidy number of art critics must have added to their incomes by stepping at times into the shoes of the contact man.

And to think I was forgetting that saucy cheat, the Fellow-traveller! What a contact man, as he sails under false colours from capital to capital, and conference to conference!

END

## The Surrey Side Comes To Town

(Continued from page 25)

of Hyde Park in 1851 and Wembley in 1924. But with one important difference. This time the crowds will be flocking to the other side of the river.

London is the best of all examples of how effective a barrier a river can be to the uniform development of a great city. Across the narrow space of the Thames the Middlesex and Surrey sides face each other most unequally. Nearly everything of metropolitan significance (a notable exception is the County Hall) is on the northern side—the seat of government, the King's residence, the financial quarter, the great shopping centres, the fashionable streets and squares, the places of entertainment. South London has, in fact, never got over the geographical handicap with which it started.

In prehistoric times the low-lying land south of the Thames was a desolate marsh as far as the Surrey hills, regularly flooded by the river, and it was still uninhabited when the first small colony of fishermen settled on the northern banks. Later, the Romans or their predecessors built a causeway across it to continue the trade route that reached the Thames at Thorney island (Westminster). For a long time this and the other causeway across the Southwark end of the marsh, that served the early port of London, were the only attempts to develop this uninviting area.

Under no such handicap, the town on the Middlesex side grew steadily. And even in the Tudor period, when Southwark, fortified against flooding by embankments, began to

be a place of some importance, Lambeth remained a marshy waste. Embanking came later here, and in the eighteenth century it still had only a fringe of buildings along its river bank. Drainage now turned its swamps into fields and pastures interspersed by dykes, and Georgian Londoners knew it for its open-air places of entertainment like Cuper's Gardens and Belvedere Gardens. Meanwhile, across the river, London had become a city of nearly 1,000,000 people.

As if making up for lost time, the open spaces of Lambeth and the surrounding districts were blacked out in the nineteenth century with miles of streets that stretched far back from the river. South London became a huge built-up area with all the disadvantages of a great city and little of the distinction of a capital. Formerly the victim of its own natural situation, it was now at the mercy of hasty and unplanned development.

Realization that the Surrey side deserves something better has produced in the last few decades a number of buildings along its river front as fine as anything on the other bank. And now the Festival of Britain, linked with the South Bank scheme, gives promise that much more will be done to lessen the gap that the Thames has always made between the two halves of the capital. If such improvements continue—and there is no logical reason why they should not—then one day the best of metropolitan London will not stop short so abruptly on the north bank of the Thames.

END

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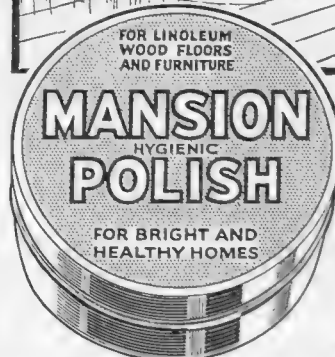
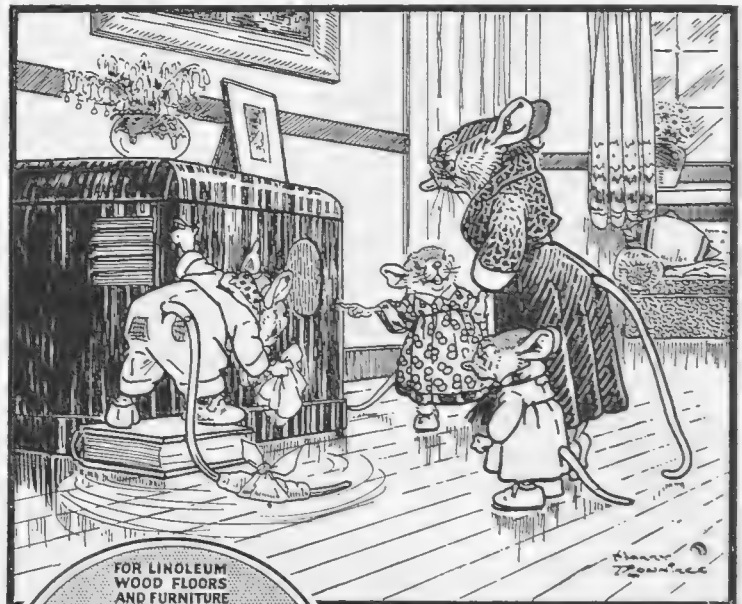


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## A Fashion-Lord's Fancy (Continued from page 16)

disclosed in one corner of a window, carelessly poised, like a butterfly on a giant sunflower, a small and quite simple but obviously extremely smart hat of creamy-white straw. One of those springtime Paris hats which the *soignée* woman wears and when her envious friends ask her where she got it, she smiles: "but, my dear, from the only person; who else?"

The sophisticated acknowledge most seasons two or three "only persons." The merely knowledgeable admit maybe a dozen. The buyers from New York and London and points south and west enlarge the group to possibly fifty. Having to judge what the smart-to-average-taste woman will go for in the way of new-fashion clothes and hats, they have to keep open minds, and a long visiting list. If they don't, they're liable to miss something, and lose fashion-department business to rival stores. Then the big boss, who has no preconceived notions (even if his Paris-dressed wife has) about the relative merits of Suzy's hats compared to Le Monnier's, or Fath's frocks versus Balmain's, or Dior's gorgeous evening gowns matched against Molyneux's, bawls them out, or fires them.

Fresh when they enter the pressurized cabin of the plane at Le Guardia field at 6 p.m., and step out under the 6 a.m. Paris sky next morning, most of these professionals are all-in when they stagger out of the George V and into the west-bound plane two weeks later. One middle-aged woman buyer for a great Chicago store, whom I met at a party, dropped onto the divan, half-emptied a goblet of champagne at a draught, groaned, and asked when I thought she could without impoliteness leave and go back to bed.

"I've seen forty-eight shows this week. Before I'm through I'll have done a hundred and twenty. Dressmakers, milliners, furriers, gloves, corset, blouse and lingerie specialists—and materials makers, too. These all-in wrestlers have a soft time of it compared to me."

The fashion lords have their troubles, too. Consider the unfortunate Jacques Fath. He brought on his new evening collection with all the calculated art and bounce of a Cochran staging a fashionable first night. There were such stunning dishes as (I quote from the notes scribbled on my programme by my fashion-writer companion) "a new neckline both as a halter and deep oval cut away at the back and sides," and "a new silhouette called the fold-over line created by bringing forward the shoulder seaming, shoulders and narrow collars high or framing the face." There were boa constrictor prints, and crocodile designs mixed up with homely walnuts and almond shells entangled in gold thread. Also, offsetting gold thread, gold leather, and other exotic and sumptuous things, the stunt use of "poor fabrics," such as a full evening skirt of burlap with an elaborate gold belt and a strapless cotton top.

But the hand-picked crowd seemed more interested in a dusky skin, and a mink coat and blonde shoulder-length hair adorned with

a diamond barette. These were owned respectively by Prince Aly Khan and prospective-bride Rita Hayworth, who, having come to see the show, stole it.

There was then the by-invitation-only first showing of the Avenue Montaigne *couturier*, Christian Dior. Dior is the man who brought skirts down over female legs after a decade of up-to-the-knee display. Having made this revolution, the master, a shrewd businessman, kept in the forefront of the parade by revising his original New Look the next year, and again this year.

Now he has decreed a 3-inch skirt hitch-up. This basic change, with such supplementaries as a slashed sheath silhouette, flying panels and swing godlets buttoning back and forming pockets (I quote again from my fashion-writer's notes), outmodes the ballet-length skirts of 1948, thus obliging every fashion-conscious female to rush out and buy new New Look clothes: and if this runs the male into a bank overdraft or second mortgage, that's sad for him but good news for a great fashion industry apprehensive of a business decline in 1949.

Dior's new-collection show was in full swing when a disturbance occurred. Back where the mannequins came and went lurked a short, sturdy, dapper man, distinguished by a Napoleonic nose and dark side hair brushed smoothly back from a shining bald cranium. This gentleman darted like a sparrow-hawk from the dark watch-post of a hedge. Pouncing on a small unobtrusive woman, he snatched some papers from her hand. Then he led her fast and firmly through his crowded salon to the door, and, with a furious gesture, bade her begone. He tore the papers he had snatched from her.

What was all this? The lady had been taking notes and sketches of the new Dior creations. And the fashion lords like to keep the secret of their New Look techniques secret at least until their privileged customers have had a chance to arrest attention by first appearances, and the wholesale buyers of exclusive models have paid top prices and rushed mass-production copies to sell their spring shopping crowds. For that's the way they make their money.

And they make plenty while they ride at or near the top of the parade. But it's a hard fight. Overheads are very high, competition is merciless, a flair for design is only part of the business game; and the *couturier* who relaxes and coasts on his reputation soon finds himself on the toboggan.

It happened to Paul Poiret, still a remembered name in the fashion world, like Griffith in films. Poiret, thirty years ago, was the star so dazzling that it seemed there just was nobody else. He could impudently demand No. 10 Downing Street as the price of a fashion show to be held in London for the social aggrandizement—so her enemies said—of a madcap, fashion-mad Margot Asquith. "Everybody" came to the Poiret-Margot show in the Premier's residence. Most regretted it, because there was a scandal.

This public uproar high-lights the difference between the fashion industry then, and now.

Then, a dressmaker was viewed as a frivolous person, a dress show as a cross between the *can-can* and a bottle party. Poiret being a Frenchman was not important. Indignation would have run as high if the fashion show had involved the Hartnell of the day.

Now, fashion is a serious and highly important industry. In Britain, a special department of the Board of Trade fosters and protects it. Stunts like flying an aeroplane load of pretty British models, with their British-made new-fashion clothes, from London to South America, are financed out of public money. There are professional and trade associations paralleling French associations. And it is conceivable that if Mrs. Attlee staged a Hartnell or Molyneux show at No. 10 or in the Cabinet Room itself, in order to put British fashions on the world front pages, the only yells would come from others of the fraternity, annoyed to be left out.

However, in the old days Poiret was the Mistinguette of the fashion world; he boosted his business by giving private parties reminiscent of one of Cleopatra's nights; and he ruined himself as much by extravagance, which extended to reckless use of the most expensive materials, as by his spoiled-child's assumption that everybody must come to him, always.

The modern fashion lord is a very different kind of man: a highly specialized businessman with a flair for design and showmanship. He confers with textile and dye manufacturers, watches trends alertly, leaps on ideas, exploits events and crazes. A popular Bob Hope film has everyone humming a song with a "buttons and bows" theme: so the new Paris collections feature buttons and bows. There'll be a brocade vogue; and you'll find it stems from an exhibition which drew the high world and café society. Or a colour vogue, because a chemical firm specializing in textile dyes produced a dye matching exactly the pink of a certain orchid species—a colour which looks new because few people have seen the orchids.

The latter is a 1949 phenomenon. Another of this year's fashion fancies are cotton and rayon frocks in Caribbean colours and patterns. Why? Because a ballet dancer came to Paris and made a hit with her Caribbean numbers and décor. The Paris designers, who often travel for inspiration, that time had a new idea brought to their front door. They grabbed it.

Their concepts as showmen, and their conferences with their supply people, sometimes bear curious fruit. Just now, some fashion-makers for some reason are using jute—the stuff they make sandbags of—and silk, in combination in the same exotic frock. It's a mixture as bizarre as caviare and cabbage; but it causes talk, is voted chic, gets worn, and provokes what every woman wants: attention.

END

## Call It A Day (Continued from page 28)

longer than that. When she got downstairs she found her guest, sprawled in an armchair, his head resting on the back, eyes closed, mouth open, newspaper fallen to the floor.

For this she had scrubbed and scented herself and put on her filmiest frock.

"Sorry to have kept you," she said.

The Colonel woke and was on his feet in a second. "I say—that second glass of port I had—well," he looked the filmy frock up and down, "this was worth waiting for."

Polly, mollified, thought he wasn't a bad old stick; or all that old-looking either; he had kept his hair which was going prettily grey. He certainly wasn't old enough to be her father. She said: "I know all you army men like a sleep in the afternoon; you have to be up early, don't you?"

"I still like my tea at 6.30 in the mornings," Peter smoothed back his hair and rubbed out the corners of his eyes.

"Have you got anybody looking after you out there?" Polly's voice sounded motherly, but he couldn't tell how her eyes were on account of the light. He said: "A woman from the village comes in and gets my breakfast; she does the house and comes and gets my supper too."

"Don't you mind living alone?"

Peter shrugged. "What else can I do? I suppose I am a proper old bachelor. I'm all right with men, but I'm kind of scared of women."

Polly thought this was probably a lie. She said innocently, "Why?"

"Well," said the Colonel, helping himself to a cigarette from his case, "there's a lot of reasons. Don't know much about 'em for one thing—not your sort of women." This was a favourite line of his.

"How do you know the sort of woman I am?" Polly asked. "Do sit down," she edged up on the sofa to make room.

Peter laughed. "I don't. Look here, about this business this afternoon. Danny has pulled me into the game and I'd just like to know the rules. Six five double 0 is your bottom price? No offers?"

"Danny thinks she'll pay it."

"You really want to sell?"

Polly nodded. "I must." She sighed. "It costs almost as much for one person to live in a house as two people. Don't you find that?"

"I haven't tried living two in a house."

"No more you have," Polly resettled herself on the sofa, getting a bit closer. "Are you really afraid of women?"

Damn this, Peter thought, wishing he hadn't come round at three. He handed out another line. "Well, you know if you knock around the world, living a soldier's life like I've done—" he shrugged.

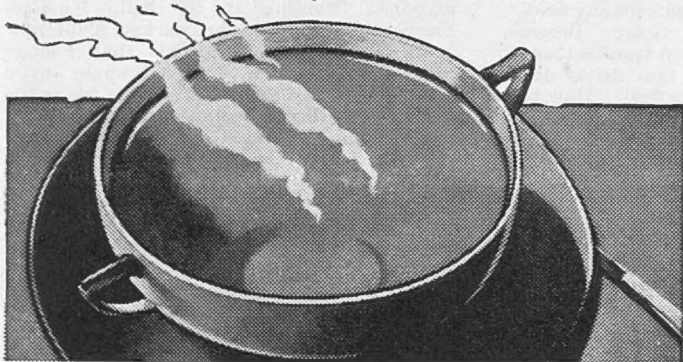
"I know what you (Continued on page 72)

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mean now by my sort of women," Polly let her hand drop close to the Colonel's. "But you are wrong—you know; there is no reason to be nervous of us. If a woman is what the French call *complètement femme*—"

"If she is what?"  
*"Complètement femme—it means—er—"*  
 Polly stopped.

Peter helped her out. "Knows all the answers?" he suggested.

"Yes," said Polly, slipping sideways so that her shoulder was against his. The door bell rang.

"Mrs. Tyke!" Polly jumped up. "Now I'll come down to the gate with you—don't forget the stuff. You say: 'I love your place—I'll ring you up to-night.'"

AND ring her up he did. Twenty-four hours later they were engaged to be married.

Polly steered him into the Winkle Beach Hotel bar the following evening, ordered a round of drinks and announced their engagement.

Polly had done all right. Fearful of losing the property Mrs. Tyke had paid a deposit and signed a binding agreement to buy the place that morning.

Meanwhile in the bar Mrs. Tyke was trying to make Danny look her in the eye. The little jockey knew this and kept his back to her. Mrs. Tyke signed to the barman to make Danny turn round.

"Lady wants to speak to you," the barman said.

Danny took no notice. "What's the best drink on top of a couple of double whiskies?" he asked Joe.

"Hot coffee," Joe told him. "Go on, she wants you to go over to her, maybe there's a horse she'd like to back."

"She don't want to see me about a horse. Give me a Cointreau."

"You don't want to drink that stuff," Joe said. "Not before you've had anything to eat." He poured out a glass of watery beer. The manager had given him a talking to after the way some customers had behaved the night before.

Mrs. Tyke got up and caught hold of one of Danny's ears between her finger and thumb. Though the people in the bar thought she was playing she was holding him as tight as if she was going to ring a pig. "Come and join me," she suggested.

Danny went along. Mrs. Tyke said: "I hear that Colonel Whosis that was up at Mrs. Manton's place when I came round, yesterday, is going to marry her."

"That's right," Danny agreed.

"When you and me was up there you told me the Colonel was after her house and that if I didn't make up my mind on the spot, I'd lose the place, so I wrote you a cheque and signed an agreement."

"You wanted to write the cheque; you brought a cheque book with you." Danny looked at the floor and out of the window—anywhere that saved him from meeting the alert eyes of Mrs. Tyke. "You likes the house, don't you?"

"I like the house all right, I don't like the way it was sold to me. That Colonel Whosis wouldn't want to buy a house belonging to the woman he was going to marry unless they were going to live there which they aren't or she wouldn't have sold it to me. It was a put-up job and I am going to see my brother."

"Your brother!" Danny said in a dazed way. He had had one bad shock before coming into the bar.

"Yea—my brother—Councillor Wangle."

"Councillor Wangle!" Danny repeated slowly. "Why—he's the Mayor!" He grinned idiotically, then swallowed his drink. This was it! Councillor Wangle had a vested interest in pretty near everything in the place—the golf course, the chief hotel, the local wine merchant, a pig farm. He was all for popularizing the Spa, and encouraged the bars to keep open, and people to park their cars where they liked, and girls to walk about in brassières. Danny as local bookmaker could have found trouble. But the mayor said he

didn't see any harm in folk having a bet.

Mrs. Tyke rose: "There's my brother just come in now."

Looking across the bar, Danny saw Councillor Wangle shaking hands with Polly and slapping Colonel Forrard on the back.

Mrs. Tyke prepared to leave the table. "I'll see he takes care of you," she told Danny.

The mayor was reaching up one arm to clutch Peter Forrard's shoulder and saying to Polly: "The Colonel's a lucky fellow, but so are you, young lady. We want more of the Colonel's sort at Winkle Beach—the leader type. I'm very glad to tell you I have been able to persuade him to accept the Captaincy of our little golf club as well as the Presidency of the Legion. We want someone we can look up to and respect; I can't stop for a drink now, but to-morrow if you will come to the mayor's parlour at twelve o'clock I'll draw one of those corks that pops."

The mayor had left and Colonel Forrard was standing fatuously by the bar when Danny caught him by the elbow. "I want a word with you, Colonel," the little jockey steered him towards the door, with a forearm, strengthened by many years of holding pulling horses.

As soon as they were outside Danny said—"Better keep away from George Brown's place for a bit, there has been trouble there."

George Brown was the taxi driver from whom Peter had obtained petrol. "How bad is it?" he asked.

"Mileage doesn't tally with the petrol he has used—thirty gallons out."

"That's a lot," Peter agreed. "What'll happen?"

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"Couldn't say—it's not the local police. It's special investigators—they may get awkward."

"He will be charged with stealing, I suppose," Danny continued, "but that won't be the end of it; they'll go after the people that had the stuff."

"And that isn't all," Danny continued, "the old dear we sold that house to is the mayor's sister. She knows she's been framed and is sore as hell. Says she's going to tell her brother—shouldn't wonder if you got six months."

"Don't talk drivell," Colonel Forrard said, "you can't send a man to prison for pretending he wants to buy a house."

"I wasn't talking about an 'ouse."

"What are you talking about then?"

"That petrol you 'ad wot the taxi driver fiddled off his employer. 'Ow are you going to make 'em believe you didn't know it was stolen?"

Peter saw the point. "You said the driver was thirty gallons short. I only had seven; who had the rest?"

Danny shrugged.

"And how does the mayor come into this?"

Peter asked.

"Cos he's chairman of the Bench; you'll come up in front of 'im."

PETER was glad to be in a corner of the hotel restaurant where he could talk. His position was so awkward. Here he was sitting down to lunch with his fiancé who might have to wait till he came out of prison before they could be married.

## Call It A Day

"I don't like it one bit," he crumbled his bread. "How can I make the police believe I did not know the petrol was stolen."

"You can't do anything about the petrol," Polly agreed. "You were breaking the law, whether you knew it was stolen or not. And you were tempting a working man to break the law and risk his livelihood."

Peter said: "Must you drag that up too! You know damn well everybody fiddles a bit of petrol."

Polly laid her cheek on her hand. "Don't forget we're invited to the parlour to-morrow morning. I love champagne."

"You won't get any," Peter said.

THE mayor came down to breakfast in great heart. He enjoyed a day's racing and intended inviting Colonel Forrard and his fiancé to come with him to Salisbury when they met at the parlour.

As for that sister of his and some story about being tricked into buying a house—who cared? He hadn't asked the old witch to come and live in his borough.

At the foot of the stairs he saw the lunch hamper, prepared and packed by the mayoress, standing in the hall. Kind of Farmer Spud to send him a turkey, made such good sandwiches. Ridiculous that Farmer Spud should ever have been brought up in front of him charged with moving his cattle during an outbreak of foot and mouth. How could he know? Notice had not been properly served.

In the breakfast room he found his mail waiting. He glanced through the letters, selecting one which contained a pull of the poster of the forthcoming police sports. Some of these posters were already plastered round the town. The mayor liked to do everything he could for this splendid body of men. And the handbill made it clear His Worship was no slouch.

### CONSTABULARY SPORTS

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The mayor rubbed his hands together as he read through the brochure. He was glad to lend his grounds to the police; glad to do what he could for everybody.

DANNY had laughed as he came away from the taxi driver's house, and he was laughing when Colonel Forrard met him outside the hotel. The Colonel had been pacing up and down for some minutes wondering whether to take Polly to the mayor's parlour or jump over the cliff.

He explained his dilemma to Danny. "Doesn't seem right to go and have a drink with him, don't suppose he knew anything about my buying that petrol when he asked us."

"He won't never know anything about it," Danny said. "I had a word with the proprietor of the garage, the one what employs that taxi driver you got a drop of petrol from. He ain't going to make any charge, an' if he says there is no petrol missing there's not much the police can do."

"I only had seven gallons," Peter said. "I think you said the taxi driver had thirty to account for."

"The mayor took the rest of it," Danny waited for this piece of news to sink in.

"The . . . the mayor! Councillor Wangle!"

"In person, paid six bob a gallon for it, same as you did. Twenty-three gallons he had. You won't hear no more about your little drop."

"Why not? A magistrate can be prosecuted in his own court."

Danny's eyes swivelled round the terrace. "Of course he can, but you don't often hear of them picking up a mayor."

END



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